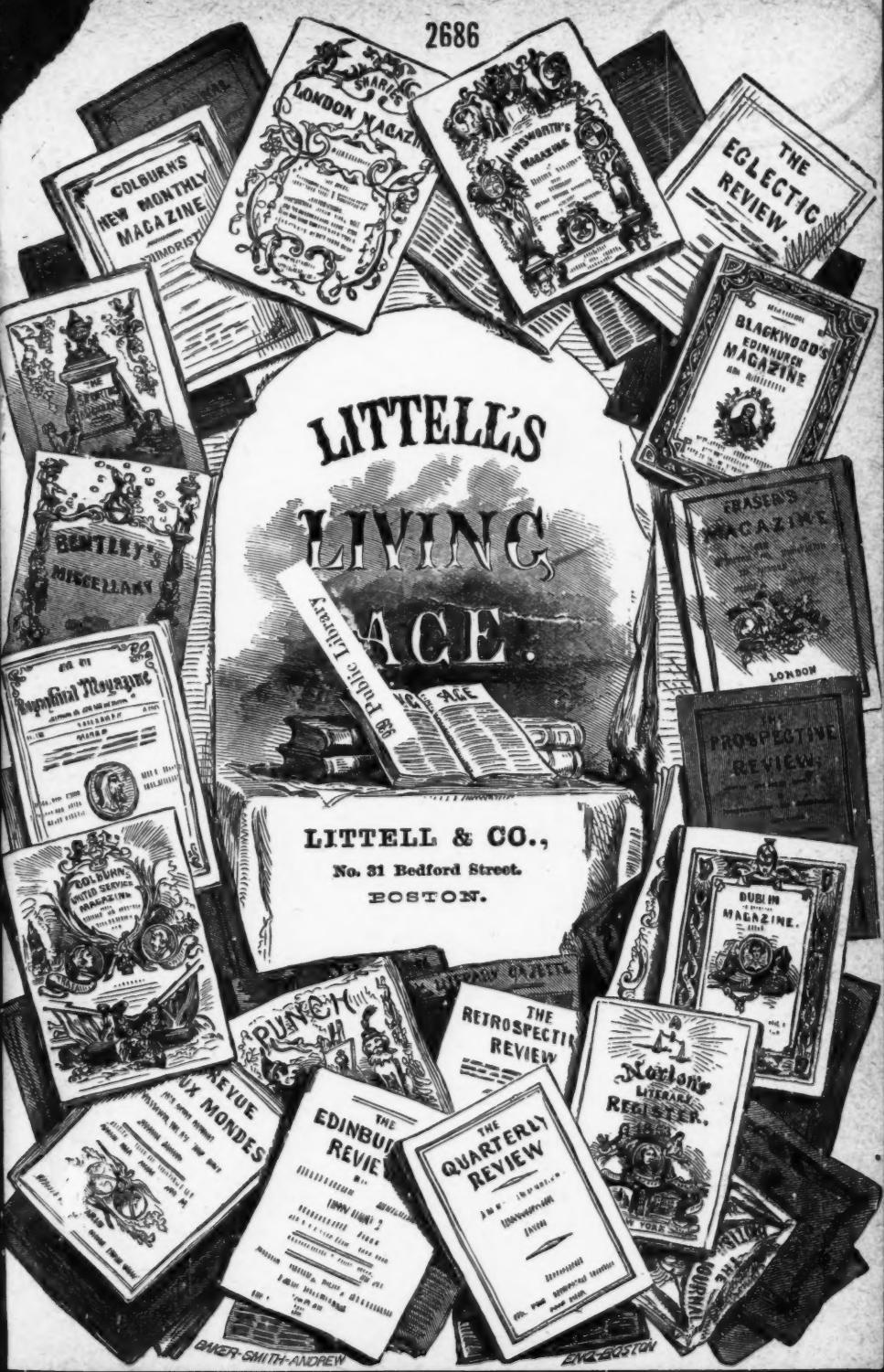


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1896. A HAPPY GREETING TO YOU WITH WISHES FOR
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New England Magazine for 1896.



this field which will soon appear are: JOHN COTTON, THE GREAT MINISTER OF BOSTON, by Rev. John Cotton Brooks; THE KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND, by Dinah Sturgis; THE BENEDICT CLUB, by Rev. Julius H. Ward; and a valuable series on the Boston Park System, written by various experts.



articles which will illustrate the great part of New England in the settlement and building up of the West. At this time are beginning the centennials of the notable events in the opening of the Western Reserve. The Western Reserve is peculiarly a section of New England in the West, and to it in this coming centennial year several important articles will be devoted.

Art and educational subjects will receive the same conspicuous attention in the Magazine which they have received heretofore. The recent valuable article on the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn will be followed by others on the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and the Armour Institute, Chicago. St. Paul's School Concord, and others of our famous schools will be treated. LATER AMERICAN MASTERS, by William H. Downes and Frank Torrey Robinson; JOHN ROGERS, THE MAN AND THE SCULPTOR, by William Ordway Partridge; and THE DECORATIONS OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, by C. Howard Walker, are all beautifully illustrated articles which will appear during the year.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elihu Burritt, William Pitt Fessenden, Samuel F. B. Morse and others will be the themes of interesting biographical articles. W. T. W. Ball will contribute an article, SOME SHAKESPEARIAN REPETITIONS; James Ellis Humphrey, on BOTANY AND BOTANISTS IN NEW ENGLAND; F. E. Key, a series on EARLY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND. Martha's Vineyard, Block Island, Cape Cod and other famous summer resorts will receive treatment.

The pressing questions of political and social reform will constantly have attention; and the pages of the Magazine will be lightened and brightened by poetry and stories from the best writers at our command.

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WARREN F. KELLOGG, Publisher, 5 Park Sq., Boston, Mass.

The coming numbers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE will be rich in articles in the lines which the Magazine has made peculiarly its own. Among early illustrated articles will be: THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF LONGFELLOW, and MOUNT AUBURN, by Frank Foxcroft; THE HARVARD HISTORIANS by Prof. Albert B. Hart; THE HOMES AND HAUNTS of CHANNING, by C. R. Thurston; LITERARY HARTFORD, by Richard Burton; NEWBURG IN THE REVOLUTION, by Russell Headley; THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH, by George Willis Cooke; THE PASSING OF THE NEW ENGLAND FISHERMAN, by Winfield M. Thompson; WHAT A GREAT CITY MIGHT BE, by Rev. John Coleman Adams; BROTHER JONATHAN AND HIS HOME, by Rev. W. E. Griffis; THE OLDEST NEW ENGLAND MUSICAL SOCIETY, by Edwin A. Jones.

The Magazine always gives special prominence to subjects relating to the life and history of Boston, the New England capital. Among important articles in this field which will soon appear are: JOHN COTTON, THE GREAT MINISTER OF BOSTON, by Rev. John Cotton Brooks; THE KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND, by Dinah Sturgis; THE BENEDICT CLUB, by Rev. Julius H. Ward; and a valuable series on the Boston Park System, written by various experts.

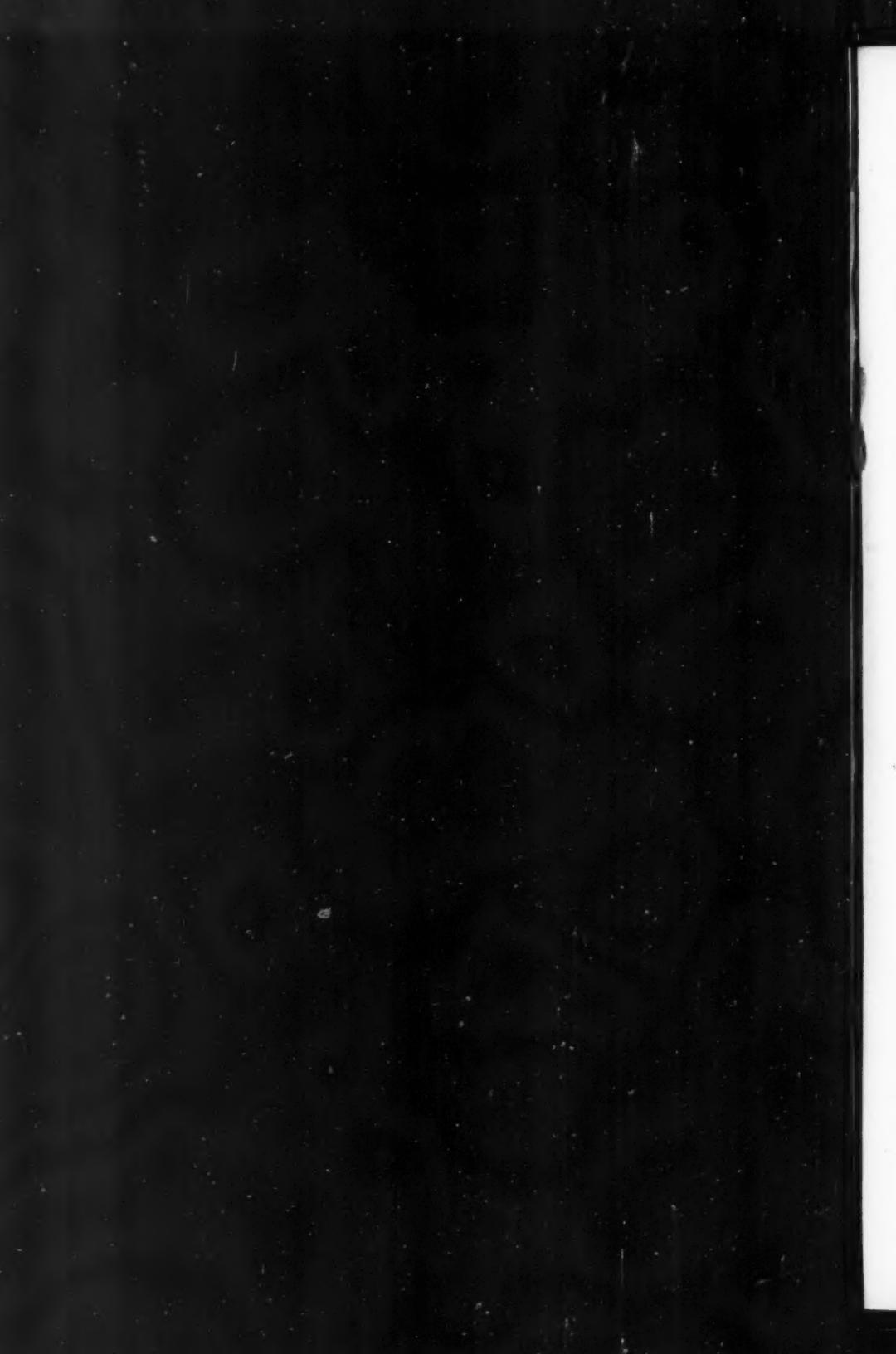
The series of articles on Old New England Towns, which has proved so popular a feature of the Magazine, will be continued by articles on Boscowen, N. H., by Charles Carlton Coffin, Hampton, N. H., Eastport, Me., Litchfield, Conn., and other historic towns, and in early numbers will appear important illustrated articles on Augusta, Me., MODERN PROVIDENCE, New London, Conn., Taunton, Mass., and other thriving cities. NEW ENGLAND IN MICHIGAN, by E. P. Powell, and NEW ENGLAND IN CHICAGO, by Edward Isham,



FROM A DRAWING BY JO. H. HATFIELD.







LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume VIII. }

No. 2686.—December 28, 1895.

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Vol. CCVII.

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“ACCORDING TO HIS EXCELLENT GREATNESS.”

[“He appointed singers unto the Lord . . . that should praise the beauty of holiness.”—2 Chron. xx. 21.]

Like to a strain of music strong and sweet,

There calls a voice along life’s busy ways—

“Oh! ye who walk with heavy-laden feet
And low-bent heads throughout your toilsome days,

Where is your song of praise?

“Ye He created, ye He did redeem,
Gave to you every precious gift ye had,
Gave you His sun with its resplendent beam,
And fruitful seasons when your hearts were sad,
And yet ye are not glad!

“Did He take anything away from thee,
One tender lamb of all your well-filled fold,
But that it might more safely guarded be,
When days were short and winter nights a-cold,
‘Mid blessedness untold?

“Hath He not smiled on joy, made young hearts light,
Yea, all this gracious world to give you zest?
Doth He not promise victory after fight,
And, when ye weary even of earth’s best,
That He will give you rest?

“Lo! He created love your lot to cheer,
Gave wife and child and kin and faithful friend;
Nay, furthermore, than closest ties more dear,
He did Himself for you most freely spend
Unto the bitter end.

“He made a living way for you through death,
A swift short passage to His Kingdom fair,
And touched forever with Divinest breath
Your very sorrows, for in all your care
He did Himself have share.

“Oh! thankless hearts, and faith grown cold and dim,
The earth herself hath made a better choice;

With angels and archangels, seraphim,
And all the saints of heaven she doth rejoice—
Have ye alone no voice?

“The king chose singers in the days of yore,
The praise of God’s great glory to confess;
Ye from the King of kings commission bore,
And will ye do for Him so much the less
To laud His holiness?

“Oh! singers, be ye tuneful, be ye strong,
Lift up your voice for Him who loved you so;
One day ye too shall sing the glad new song—
On high the perfect harmony doth flow,
The parts are learnt below.”

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

A WISH.

Death, when I die, I pray thee let it be
In autumn, when across the spiky furze
There floats the film of silver gossamers;
In early autumn, when the cherry-tree is touched with flame; the beech with russet gold;
And o’er the fallow field and purple lea
The starlings scream, while swallows put to sea,
And woolly mists hang light on wood and wold.
Now when no sound is heard, unless it were
The thud of acorns on the wrinkled earth,
While thoughts of summer linger in the air,
Sweet with the smell of apples; now when Mirth
Is still as Grief, and Peace is everywhere,
Bring me, O Death, into the arms of Birth!

Spectator.

E. S.

THE LIFE-TIDE.

Each wave that breaks upon the strand,
How swift soe’er to spurn the sand
And seek again the sea,
Christ-like, within its lifted hand
Must bear the stigma of the land
For all eternity.

Spectator.

JOHN B. TABB.

From The Nineteenth Century.
MATTHEW ARNOLD.¹

BY THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY.

The first canon in the art of unsophisticated letter-writing is that just as a speech is intended for hearers rather than for readers, so a letter is meant for the eye of a friend, and not for the world. Even the lurking thought in anticipation of an audience destroys true epistolary charm. This is one reason why stories told in that form, or portions of stories so told, in spite of some famous old-fashioned examples to the contrary, have fallen out of vogue, give but inferior pleasure, and are even found thoroughly tiresome. The very essence of good letter-writing is, in truth, the deliberate exclusion of outsiders, and the full surrender of the writer to the spirit of egotism; amiable, free, light-handed, unpretending, harmless, but still egotism. A French Jesuit once wrote a Latin piece called "Ratio conscribendae epistolæ," which the present writer has never read, but which, I hope, contains the indisputable maxim that a good letter, like good talk, must always be an improvisation. The best letters are always improvisations, directly or indirectly, about yourself and your correspondent, and the personal things which you and your correspondent happen to be interested in and to care about. The public breaks the spell.

The great battle between ancients and moderns, which once kindled such wrath among the celestial minds of the day, has long been over, and the moderns are understood to have given themselves the literary palm. Yet few will deny that the highest performance in epistolary art is to be sought in the letters of Cicero. Mommsen may tell us as loudly as he will that Cicero had no insight, opinion, nor purpose as a statesman; that he was a thorough dabbler and a short-sighted egotist; that he was by nature a journalist in the worst sense of the term; that his

letters may be interesting and clever, so long as they reflect the town and villa life of the world of quality, but when he is thrown on his own resources, as in exile or in Cilicia, they are as stale and empty as ever was the soul of a feuilletoniste banished from the boulevards. All this may or may not be true; but, true or untrue, it does not affect the delight which long generations of educated men have found in these intimate effusions of that expansive, lively, and impressionable nature, in contact with great personages and stirring times, and the master of the most copious and varied style that ever was known since men first learned to write.

Next to Cicero the critics place Madame de Sévigné. Adding to native genius good literary training and the habit of cultivated society, this great woman wrote letters of such rare quality, distinction, and enduring charm, that fourteen volumes of them were the first foundation of that massive and imposing structure, "Les Grands Ecrivains de la France." No other modern letters that I know of, have risen to the dignity of an established classic of the first rank.

No English writer of letters, as most competent judges are agreed, is comparable to Cowper. His letters fill half a score volumes of Southey's edition, and there is surely no such delightful reading of that kind in our language. This is because they are the genuine outpouring of the writer's own feelings; of all his simplicity, purity, gaiety, despondency, affectionateness, just as mood follows mood, and as this trivial daily incident or that or the other interests or moves a refined, sensitive, gentle, and pure nature. Somebody told him that one of his correspondents found his letters clever, entertaining, and so forth. It stayed his pen. "This foolish vanity," wrote Cowper, in explaining his silence to his friend, "would have spoiled me quite, and would have made me as disgusting a letter-writer as Pope, who seems to have thought that, unless a sentence was well turned, and every period

¹ Letters of Matthew Arnold (1848-88). Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co., 1895.

pointed with some conceit, it was not worth the carriage. Accordingly he is to me, except in very few instances, the most disagreeable writer of epistles that ever I met with. I was willing, therefore, to wait till the impression your commendation had made upon the foolish part of me was worn off, that I might scribble away as usual, and write my uppermost thoughts, and those only" (iv. 15).

The famous letters of Horace Walpole, interesting, invaluable as they are for the manners, politics, and general gossip of his age, have no more epistolary charm than a leading article; so self-conscious are they, so affected, artificial, and full of smirking animation. That he had underneath his frivolity and his forced and incessant efforts at satire a firm understanding, or that he may have deserved Carlyle's praise as about the clearest-sighted man of his time, does not affect the proposition that his letters are essentially not letters, but annals composed with a view to ultimate publication, like the letters of Grimm in French, or of Howell in English. The correspondence of Gray with Mason and with Walpole himself, is for the most part marked by the same evil qualities; it is nearly all written as with printer and publisher before them, and the whole literary and fine world looking over their shoulders. Scott's letters are like all else that came from that brave, manly, whole-hearted genius; they are sincere, unaffected, friendly, cheerful, and humane. "You know I don't care a curse about what I write!" This was the temper to make a good letter-writer. Charles Lamb, of course, has a high rank among the letter-writers of mark and genius, with his inexhaustible vein of whim and drollery, with his many strokes of pathos and tender humor, with the flashes of serious and admirable criticism in the midst of all his quips and jestings. Byron's are undoubtedly the best letters after Cowper, and some may possibly choose to put Byron first; their happy carelessness, their wit, their flash, their boldness, their something daemonic, all give them

a place among the pleasantest and liveliest reading for idle hours to be found in any library, whether English or foreign. In our own day, Mill wrote generous replies to all comers; but they deal with serious subjects, and answer grave riddles propounded to the most patient of oracles. George Eliot's letters have a suspicion of the episcopal charge about them. Emerson to Carlyle is adequate and sufficient, but without much color or feature. Carlyle to Emerson, and to every other correspondent, has color and feature enough for a dozen men, and nowhere does the genial, friendly, and fraternal aspect of him come into pleasanter light. Dickens is observant, graphic, bright, and full of high spirits. The letters and journals of Miss Caroline Fox admit the reader to an enchanting circle of intellectual refinement and spiritual delicacy.

Macaulay's letters and journals are so stamped with the love of literature and the glory of it as the best companionship for a man's life, that, just as Heine said, whenever he read Plutarch, he immediately resolved to take the next mail-post and become a great man, so Macaulay stirs a reader to take a pen on the instant, and immediately write something which the world will never willingly let die.

On the whole, of volumes of letters very recently given to the world, those of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, seem to have most of the genuine epistolary spirit in them, in association with a true feeling for good books, and the things that good books bring into the mind; with an easy view of human nature; with a kindly eye for the ups and downs of human life, and a clear perception that one of the prime secrets is not to expect more from life than life is capable of giving. One who was an expert connoisseur in good music, who could seriously master strange and hard tongues, could enjoy and Judge the weightiest books and the lightest, who was never so happy as in his herring lugger, with a Montaigne on board, or "smoking a pipe every night with a delightful chap who is to

be captain," or sailing for hours, days, and weeks on the river Deben, "looking at the crops as they grow green, yellow, russet, and are finally carried away in the red and blue wagons with the sorrel horse"—here was the man who should write, and did write to the friends that he loved, letters that, without his ever meaning or designing it, are not only letters, but agreeable and diverting literature.

What place in this catalogue will ultimately be taken by the two new volumes of the "Letters of Matthew Arnold," nobody can now decide. Those who looked for a grand literary correspondence, rich in new instruction, fresh inspiration, profound social observation, will be disappointed; and they deserve to be, for Arnold was one of the most occupied men of his time. Those, on the other hand, who had the happiness to count him among faithful and affectionate friends, and to whom his disappearance leaves a truly painful void in familiar haunts and meditative hours—and those others who know his books only, and would wish to know something of his personality—will not be disappointed at all, but will be grateful to the relatives who have consented to give to the world these memorials of a fine genius and a high and most attractive character.

Arnold formally prohibited a biography, and, in view of some excesses perpetrated in that direction within the last few years, we may appreciate his reserve. There are probably not six Englishmen over fifty now living, whose lives need to be written, or should be written; yet, with equal probability, we may guess that nearer sixty than six, *si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguntur magna anima*, and, if their shades are suffered to revisit the bookshops, will find themselves the heroes of these elaborate, overdone, disproportioned performances. It was thought, however, that Arnold would not so much object to a collection of letters, and he himself considered George Sand's a good instance of what such a collection should be. Beyond his own family, he was no

great correspondent. He was, as I have said, one of the most occupied men of his time; and though busy men are usually, as is well known, the best able to find time to do most, Arnold had no leisure in which to add large promiscuous epistolizing in private, to his various duties and performances in public. On principle, moreover, he always thought that the little notes and letters in which many people find such singular pleasure every day of their lives, are a grievous waste of time and a grievous dispersion of spirit. Nor did writing come very easily to him. He had none of the lively and untiring facility of Voltaire, for instance, who was never happy unless he was writing a history, a tragedy, a romance, a satire, a controversial article, graceful and pointed verse, long letters to friends, the pleasantest and most piquant of notes to fine ladies. Of this extraordinary facility Arnold had none, and he was not of the class of men who would have cared to have it. His letters to his family constitute the bulk of the present volumes, and the reader will recognize him in them for what he truly was; as Mr. Russell says, "gentle, generous, enduring, laborious; a devoted husband, a most tender father, an unfailing friend;" and, above all, let us add, a thoroughly good citizen and lover of his country.

Some will think that the editor has given us more letters than were wanted for the purpose which he has so aptly conceived. Most modern books are indeed far too long. The "Agricola" of Tacitus is the imperishable biography in literature, and Agricola does not fill much more than a score of pages of this periodical, just as, according to Mr. Frederic Harrison's computation, all Thucydides does not contain more words than a single copy of the *Times*. Many of us have good ground for some remorse under this head, even the author of a book of mine that happens to be benevolently mentioned in one of these letters. Mr. Russell, however, may reply that, as there was to be no biography, the only way of bringing out the personality of his friend was to

print his letters just as they came, and on all sorts of topics, and not to trim them up into anything like an orderly series of discourses. He might say, further, that almost every letter, though the bulk of it may be somewhat trivial or commonplace, yet contains some good thought or phrase. One does not see, however, why the thought or phrase should not stand by itself, though it may be true that the gem looks best in its setting. Perhaps Mr. Russell has erred on the right side, for no age can so little as ours be called *incuriosa suorum ætas*: it may be that two volumes will give twice as much gratification to his public as one; and, after all, the judicious reader always has the remedy in his own hands.

In other respects the editor has done his work with the diligence, judgment, and taste that were to be expected from one endowed with literary conscience and literary faculty, and with a deep and sincere feeling in the business that he was about. He has achieved what he describes as his anxious desire, that "no handiwork of his should impertinently obtrude itself between the writer and his readers, or obscure the effect of Arnold's unique and fascinating character." One damning sin of omission Mr. Russell has indeed perpetrated: the two volumes have no index, nor even table of contents. In such a book, with its multiplicity of heterogeneous topics touched in no regular order, this is fatal to reference. Unlike some other sins, however, this is not wholly irreparable.

If Mr. Russell found anything in the letters likely to give pain or reasonable offence to living persons—as he probably did not—he has left such things out. Literary or political judgments on contemporaries, as apart from matters personal, he has very properly allowed to stand, much as some of them run counter to the popular verdict of our day. Thackeray is not, to Arnold's thinking, a great writer. The author of the "Angel of the House" is worthy, but mildish. The elevation of Tennyson above Wordsworth is ridiculous.

"I do not think Tennyson a great and powerful spirit in any line—as Goethe was in the line of modern thought, Wordsworth in that of contemplation, Byron even in that of passion" (i. 239). Oddly enough, in the same letter (1864) "Enoch Arden" is declared to be very good indeed, "perhaps the best thing Tennyson has done," which is a very hard saying indeed. Of Cicero, "what a pedant is Mommsen, who runs this charming personage down!" (ii. 216). Freeman's school of history "has done much to explore our early history and to throw light on the beginnings of our system of government and of our liberty; but they have not had a single man of genius, with the "éclat" and the instinctive good sense and moderation which make a guide really attaching and useful. Freeman is an ardent, learned, and honest man; but he is a ferocious pedant, and Stubbs, though not ferocious, is not without his dash of pedantry" (ii. 149).

Politicians fare almost as badly at Arnold's hands as they fare at the hands of one another. Severities are frequently levelled at a statesman whose name Mr. Russell discreetly leaves a blank, but the discerning reader will not be greatly puzzled to fill in the name. Lord Salisbury is a dangerous man, because he only cares for science and for the Church, and fears and dislikes literature; and it is no doubt true that in those days Dr. Pusey and his associates in the university had no fear of science, but in the interests of ecclesiasticism bitterly dreaded literature and philosophy, and very likely their instinct was right. Mr. Disraeli comes better off than anybody else, because he cared for literature, and knew about it, and was interested in those who produced it. The political judgment is appalling; the writer preferred Grant to Lincoln (ii. 349).

Arnold was Liberal, but only in a non-party sense. The Liberal party is always in the wrong, and deserved its great eviction in 1874, "because they had no body of just, clear, well-ordered thought upon politics, and were only superior to the Conservative in not hav-

ing for their rule of conduct merely the negative instinct against change; now they will have to examine their minds, and find what they really want and mean to try for" (ii. 112). Very true, and by and by, in the fulness of time, the Liberals examined their minds and, taking the advice which Arnold himself so ardently pressed upon his countrymen, they tried to disestablish the Church of England in Wales, and this was followed by a mightier disaster than even in 1874, in spite of twenty-one years of enlightened teaching and preaching from apostles of light. So little way has been made in rousing and impressing "quiet and reasonable opinion in the country" on that matter.

As to Ireland, Arnold had, long before the great evolution of 1886, been exercised by that dire problem. He had written more than one essay of his own upon it, and he had collected and published Burke's writings on Irish affairs. In England and Scotland, he says in one of these letters (ii. 335), government has been conducted in accordance with the wishes of the majority in the respective countries; in Ireland, "government has been conducted in accordance with the wishes of the minority and of the British Philistine." Ireland, he said, has good cause to hate us. Nobody saw the mischief and the active necessity more clearly. The attempt of the Liberal party to meet the necessity in 1886 altogether displeased him. He wrote more than one piece of sharp criticism on that great effort in this review, and he rejoiced in the ministerial defeat. It gave Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington, he thinks, an opportunity which, if they missed it now, would never return, of introducing a system of local government of an effective kind for all the three kingdoms, just as Germans, Swiss, and Americans have such a system (ii. 337). Writing to Mrs. Forster, his sister, two or three months after Mr. Forster's death, he says:—

"I regretted his [Mr. Forster's] expression of general objection to Home Rule, but I know that by this he meant

only Home Rule as understood by Parnell. In this country [America], it is supposed that England refuses every kind of Home Rule; and as this is eminently the country of local government, almost every one goes for Gladstone as the only propounder of a scheme of local government. The moment any politician produces a counter-scheme, free from the great danger of Gladstone's, the separate National Parliament, but giving real powers of local government, opinion here, which is extremely important if for no other reason than that most of Parnell's friends come from America, will undergo a change. The Americans are not really indisposed to England, I believe, but they are not closely informed on Irish matters, and they see no Home Rule proposed but Gladstone's measure. I doubt if Salisbury is disposed, or Hartington laborious enough, to make one; William [Forster] and Goschen together would have been invaluable for this purpose" (ii. 333). A stout wall of *non possumus* still blocks the way, and Ireland is still governed, to repeat Arnold's own description, "in accordance with the wishes of the minority and of the British Philistine."

The political and party world was none the worse for the active incursions of a man like Matthew Arnold, and he had the right and the duty of a good citizen to speak his mind about the affairs of the commonwealth. But it is doubtful whether he had much, or even any, influence in that somewhat complicated sphere of things. It fell to me to have to express in the House of Commons, one night shortly after his death, our sense of his services to education, and of the loss of them to the country. It was felt that a proper ceremony had been gone through, but, except for a few of the elect on both sides, the recognition was received with respect, without any particular warmth or comprehension. Direct incursions into questions of party were in fact a departure from the principle of the exhortations so systematically addressed by him, as he says, to his young literary and intellectual friends, not to

be rushing into the arena of politics themselves, but "rather to work inwardly upon the predominant force in our politics—the great middle class—and to cure its spirit." This was the real task that he had set himself, and his quarrels with the way of politicians are of no importance. As he says in one of these letters about another and more renowned of the world's teachers, "What the English public cannot understand is that a man is a just and fruitful object of contemplation, much more by virtue of what spirit he is of, than he is by virtue of what system of doctrine he elaborates" (i. 179).

Mr. Birrell has put this admirably in the course of what is much the most acute, just, manly, and felicitous of all the many criticisms of which Arnold has been the subject: "Liberalism is not a creed but a frame of mind. Mr. Arnold's frame of mind was Liberal. No living man is more deeply permeated with the grand doctrine of Equality than was he. He wished to see his countrymen and countrywomen all equal; Jack as good as his master, and Jack's master as good as Jack; and neither talking clap-trap. He had a hearty un-English dislike of anomalies and absurdities. He fully appreciated the French Revolution, and was consequently a democrat. He was not a democrat from irresistible impulse, or from love of mischief, or from hatred of priests, or, like the average British workman, from a not unnatural desire to get something on account of his share of the family inheritance; but all roads lead to Rome, and Mr. Arnold was a democrat from a sober and partly sorrowful conviction that no other form of government was possible. He was an educationalist, and education is the true leveller. His almost passionate cry for better middle-class education arose from his annoyance at the exclusion of the large numbers of this great class from the best education the country afforded. It was a ticklish job telling this great wealthy middle class, which, according to the newspapers, had made England what she is and what everybody else wished to be—that

it was, from an educational point of view, beneath contempt."¹

Arnold says, in a letter to his mother, that in his notions about the State he was quite his father's son, and his continuator. "I inherit from him a deep sense of what in the Greek and Roman world was sound and rational" (i. 226). Yet in the department in which Arnold made a deep mark, he was not quite his father's son. He did not think that his father "thought of the Saxon and Celt mutually needing to be completed by each other; on the contrary, he was so full of the sense of the Celt's vices, want of steadiness, and want of plain truthfulness, vices to him particularly offensive, that he utterly abhorred him and thought him of no good at all. Jane, too, to whom I spoke of this, is clearly of the same opinion, and, indeed, I have not a doubt of it. He thought our rule in Ireland cruel and unjust, no doubt. He was not blind to faults in the Saxon; but can you show me a single line, in all he has written, testifying to his sense of any virtues and graces in the Celt?" (i. 320).

Arnold may have differed from his father about Celt and Saxon, and about a hundred other things, and some of them were important things in the eyes of both of them; but to his father he did no doubt owe that point of fundamental resemblance which made them both take the social view of human life and duty. That Matthew Arnold will live by his verse, and not by his prose, does not affect the fact that the mainspring of his activity was his sense of the use and necessity of England as a great force in the world, and his conviction that she could not exert this force effectively or wisely until her educational system had been vivified, her ideas of conduct and character clarified and widened, and all her standards of enlightenment raised. For this literature was to be the great instrument. But along with literature, organization.

What is a man of letters? The an-

¹ *Res Judicatae*, p. 170; 1892.

swer of a French writer may at least serve to show one side of him:—

"The man of letters properly so called is a peculiar being; he does not look at things exactly with his own eyes; he has not merely his own impressions; you could not recover the imagination which was once his; 'tis a tree on which have been grafted Homer, Virgil, Milton, Dante, Petrarch; hence, singular flowers, which are not natural any more than they are artificial. . . . With Homer, he has looked at the plain of Troy, and there lingers in his brain something of the light of the sky of Greece; he has taken something of the pensive beauty of Virgil as he wanders on the Aventine slopes; he sees the world like Milton through the grey mists of England, like Dante through the limpid, burning sky of Italy. Out of all these colors he makes for himself a new color that is unique; from all these glasses through which his life passes to reach the real world there is formed a particular tint, which is the imagination of the man of letters."¹

This natural assimilation of ideal in form and phrase from the great mainsprings of literature, this identification of himself with all that the master-spirits have poured into him from all their sources, is the mark of most, though not of the whole, of Arnold's poetry. What Pattison, who was so much a friend of his and mine, said of the "Allegro" and "Penseroso" is just as true, and even still more true, of more than half of Arnold's poetic work: "The two idylls breathe the air of spring and summer, and of the fields round Horton. They are thoroughly naturalistic; the choicest expression our language has yet found of the charm of country life, not as that life is lived by the peasant, but as it is felt by a young and lettered student, issuing at early dawn or at sunset into the fields from his chamber and his books. All rural sights, and sounds, and smells are here blended in that ineffable combination, which once or twice, perhaps, in our lives has saluted our young senses before their perceptions were blunted

by alcohol, by lust, by ambition, or diluted by the social distractions of great cities."

Yet, saturated as he was with literature and the literary spirit, Arnold was never caught by the delusion that literature is an end in itself, apart from life, conduct, character, and all that makes either the base or superstructure of society. Sainte-Beuve was his master, and in the small but sharply outlined vignette of that illustrious writer, which Arnold drew for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he quotes some words of Sainte-Beuve that are no bad account of his own temper in these things. Somebody talked of his being tenacious of his literary opinions. "I hold very little," Sainte-Beuve answered, "to literary opinions. Literary opinions occupy very little place in my life and in my thoughts. What does occupy me seriously is life itself, and the object of it." This was exactly Arnold's point of view, and from that point of view he brought the best ideas that literature and wide observation and many standards of comparison could furnish (and an inspector of schools who travelled abroad so much and so systematically as Arnold, has considerable opportunities of large observation of his countrymen, and of the relation of their doings to those of other people) to the furthering of what he conceived to be the full growth of the very roots of national well-being. In that noble and touching passage, where Dante makes Virgil quit the side of his companion forever, the Master of those who Know tells Dante that now,

Libero, dritto, e sano è lo tuo arbitrio.
This was the device of all that miscellaneous prose-writing of Arnold's which wearied some, vexed some, and shocked others, ranging over so wide a field, and touching so many things for which men had cared very deeply or cared not at all, to make for wider circles of the community, the springs and the rules of their action and their judgment more free, more true, more sound.

¹ Doudan.

He knew from the first what he was about. In 1863 he wrote: "One cannot change English ideas, so much as, if I live, I hope to change them, without saying imperturbably what one thinks, and making a good many people uncomfortable. The great thing is to speak without a particle of vice, of malice, or rancor." In another place he talks of his "sinuous, easy, unpolemical mode of proceeding" as the best mode of getting at and keeping with truth, and the surest means of procuring access for such ideas as his to the British mind. And again: "It is very animating to think that one at last has a chance of *getting at* the English public. Such a public as it is, and such a work as one wants to do with it! Partly nature, partly time and study, have also by this time taught me thoroughly the precious truth, that everything turns upon one's exercising the power of *persuasion, of charm*; that without this all fury, energy, reasoning power, acquirement, are thrown away, and only render their owner more miserable. Even in one's ridicule, one must preserve a sweetness and good humor" (I. 201). This is all very true, and it is the note of the strangely winning style of Newman and Church, and the Oxford of their day. But one is not sure that Arnold did not make too much of persuasion and charm, so that he interposed it between the reader and the thing for the very sake of which the reader was to be got at, until the mannerisms of the preacher attracted more attention than the substance of his excellent sermon. The witty satire of Mr. Frederic Harrison in "Culture, a Dialogue," which made Arnold laugh till he cried (I. 372), hit this peril in persuasion and charm at an early date. There are causes that demand and deserve fury and energy, and the public is to be got at upon no other terms; say, Anti-Slavery, or Reform; and men are properly adjured to strip off coat and waistcoat, charm or no charm. On the other hand, there have been, and there are, great public causes where Arnold's exaltation of persuasion over passion is thoroughly warranted. The profound-

est change in our fiscal policy was effected, as everybody knows, far less by the speeches of Mr. Bright, grand as they were, than by the reasoning power, the full knowledge, and the persuasive charm of Cobden; and Cobden had less mannerism than any speaker of his time.

And, by the way, in days when any crude and inexpert politician feels free to lift up his heel against the Manchester School, it is satisfactory to come upon an emphatic tribute to Cobden in these volumes from no less a personage than Lord Beaconsfield: "After a little talk to the bishop, he turned to me and asked me very politely if this was my first visit to Buckinghamshire, how I like the country, etc.; then he said he thought he had seen me somewhere, and I said Lord Houghton had introduced me to him eight or nine years ago at a literary dinner among a crowd of other people. "Ah, yes, I remember," he said, and then went on: "At that time I had a great respect for the name you bore, but you yourself were little known. Now you are well known. You have made a reputation, but you will go further yet. You have a great future before you, and you deserve it." I bowed profoundly, and said something about his having given up literature. "Yes," he said, "one does not settle these things for oneself, and politics and literature both are very attractive; still, in the one one's work lasts, and in the other it doesn't." He went on to say that he had given up literature because he was not one of those people who can do two things at once, but that he admired most the men, like Cleero, who could. Then we talked of Cicero, Bolingbroke, and Burke. Later in the evening, in the drawing-room, we talked again. I mentioned William Forster's name, telling him my connection with him, and he spoke most highly of him and of his prospects, saying, just as I always say, how his culture and ideas distinguished him from the mob of Radicals. He spoke strongly of the harm he and Stansfeld and such men suffered in letting themselves be "appropriated," as he called

it, by Palmerston, with whom they really had not the least agreement. Of Bright's powers as a speaker he spoke very highly, but thought his cultivation defective and his powers of mind not much; for Cobden's powers of mind he professed the highest admiration. "He was born a statesman," he said, "and his reasoning is always like a statesman's and striking" (I. 221). A judgment like this, backed by Sir Robert Peel and Gladstone, may be trusted to stand.

The future historian of the time covered by these volumes will mark, as the most far-reaching of all the changes in the English society of the period, the signal enlargement of the education, the position, and the opportunities of women. From the fine ladies in great houses, through the daughters of doctors and lawyers and tradesmen, down to the shop-girl who lives by herself in a flat, it is among women that a revolution in ideals and possibilities is working its way, far exceeding in real significance any mere political changes, and perhaps even the transformation both in speculative religious beliefs and the temper in which they are held. This momentous operation owes its first great direct impulse to Mill's memorable little book on the "Subjection of Women" and others of his writings. Arnold does not, I think, touch upon this remarkable phase of contemporary things; but he gives to a female relative an incidental piece of advice which is worth pressing in days when women in certain circles are beginning to exercise an influence, not quite beyond comparison with the influence of women in France in more than one great epoch in French history.

"If I were you," writes Arnold, "I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest

solace to you. Desultory reading is a mere anodyne; regular reading, well chosen, is restoring and edifying" (II. 110). No wiser counsel could be devised either for women or for men, and if an hour a day be for some a counsel of unattainable perfection, half an hour well used might suffice to keep the flame of intellectual interest alive and steady.

In this connection, too, there is no harm in quoting a remark of Sainte-Beuve, made to some old friend, and recorded by Arnold, about the French Academy: "All these academies, between you and me, are pieces of childishness. Our least quarter of an hour of solitary reverie, or of serious talk, yours and mine, in our youth, was better employed; as one gets old, one falls into the power of these nothings; only it is well to know that nothings they are."

Arnold says something in the same vein in one of these letters after a party of celebrities at the country house which he liked best of all. "These occasional appearances in the world I like—no, I do not like them, but they do one good, and one learns something from them; but, as a general rule, I agree with all the men of soul, from Pythagoras to Byron, in thinking that this type of society is the most drying, wasting, depressing, and fatal thing possible" (I. 225).

Arnold, in fact, took Milton's genial view that

He who of these delights can judge, and
spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

Unfortunately, "the lute well touched" said little to him, and he thought it as strange as Benedick "that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies." A lack of ear and musical sense certainly betrays itself in his verse. Flowers and plants and a garden were his special delight, and he had, as Mr. Russell says, a frank enjoyment of light and color, a pretty room, a neat repast like Milton's, a good vintage. In one of those catechisms which are circulated from time to time to satisfy

the curiosity of the public about people whose names they see often in the newspapers, he was asked whether he drank wine; then the further question whether he drank it for health or infirmities, and he gave the adequate reply, "I drink it because it is pleasant." A still better pleasure was his kindness and friendship for what are called the lower animals, the humble ministers and comrades of man. His letter to Mrs. Arnold about the death of *Lola*, the pony (ii. 318), is as beautiful as Cowper's tenderness for his tame hares; while the verses on *Geist* move the lover of dogs almost as deeply as the immortal lines, where the Father of Poetry makes the old hound *Argos* prick up his ears at the voice of *Odysseus*, and vainly try to draw nearer to the long absent master of his youth, and then to close his eyes in dark death.

It is true to say that Arnold talked, wrote, and thought much about himself, but not really much more than most other men and women who take their particular work and purpose in life seriously to heart. He was not the least of an egotist, in the common ugly and odious sense of that terrible word. He was incapable of sacrificing the smallest interest of anybody else to his own; he had not a spark of envy or jealousy; he stood well aloof from all the hustlings and jostlings by which selfish men push on; he bore life's disappointments, and he was disappointed in some reasonable hopes and anticipations, with good nature and fortitude; he cast no burden upon others, and never shrank from bearing his own share of the daily load to the last ounce of it; he took the deepest, sincerest, and most active interest in the well-being of his country and his countrymen. Is it not absurd to think of such a man as an egotist, simply because he took a child's pleasure in his own performance, and liked to know that somebody thought well of his poetry, or praised his lecture, or laughed at his wit? As if a certain sheep-faced and insipid modesty, and spurious reserve in speaking of self,

does not constantly conceal an egotism of the most intense and poisonous species. Somebody attacked him, and somebody else defended him. "I had rather it was not done," he told his mother, "as these bitter answers increase and penetrate hatreds, which I detest." "Fiery hatred and malice are what I detest, and would always allay or avoid, if I could." This is the great thing after all, as nobody knows better than some of those who have by fortune of eager and great issues been drawn into too sharp contention.

To refuse vindication on these terms is not the temper of the egotist. "To the last day I live, I shall never get over a sense of gratitude and surprise at finding my productions acceptable when I see so many people all round me so hard put to it to find a market. This comes from a deep sense of the native similarity of people's spirits, and that if one spirit seems richer than another, it is rather that it has been given to him to *find* more things, which it might have been equally given to others to *find*, than that he has seized or invented them by superior power and merit" (i. 228). There does not seem to be much difference, and it is little more than a question of words, but such language in the intimacy of a letter to his mother illustrates Arnold's real modesty. What does it matter that he would often in honest gaiety of heart cry out, "Did I say that? How good that was!"

It is the grave occasions in mortal life that test the stuff of which a man is made—whether he faces them with serenity or sullenness, with mutiny or resignation. One hardly wishes to draw the curtain aside from the sacred sorrow of the parent over his dead son; the two letters of 1868 (i. 381—4) will reveal to any reader, not only the tenderness of the writer's soul, but his courageous piety, in the noblest sense of a word too often used in narrow and contracted senses:—

"And so this loss comes to me just after my forty-fifth birthday, with so much other "suffering in the flesh"—the departure of youth, cares of many

kinds, an almost painful anxiety about public matters—to remind me that *the time past of our life may suffice us!* words which have haunted me for the last year or two; and that we "should no longer live the rest of our time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God." However different the interpretation we put on much of the facts and history of Christianity, we may unite in the bond of this call, which is true for all of us, and for me, above all, how full of meaning and warning" (i. 382).

In the same year the same cruel stroke fell a second time upon him. The editor of these volumes tells how he was with the bereaved father on the morning after his boy's death, and the author with whom he was consoling himself was Marcus Aurelius—that saint or sage whom he had described as "wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond:—

Tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

There is a sublime figure, not unworthy of the Dante whom its author so much loved and so well understood, in a letter written to a kinsman by that admirable man, the late Dean of St. Paul's, in many ways by far the most attaching personage produced by the Oxford Movement. "I often have a kind of waking dream," he wrote not long before his death; "up one road, the image of a man decked and adorned as if for a triumph, carried up by rejoicing and exulting friends, who praise his goodness and achievements; and on the other road, turned back to back to it, there is the very man himself, in sordid and squalid apparel, surrounded not by friends, but by ministers of justice, and going on, while his friends are exulting, to his certain and perhaps awful judgment." As we close these volumes, we have the assured feeling that in the case of him of whom we have been reading and thinking the image and the man were one and the same.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
DANDY JACKSON.

Fifty years ago I left a large public school under a cloud. During the half-year a series of petty thefts had been committed amongst the boys, and all efforts to trace the perpetrator had been baffled, until, by a string of remarkable circumstantial evidence, the crimes were, in the judgment of the authorities, brought home to three young gentlemen, of whom I was one, and we received private marching orders.

I was innocent, and was afterwards fully absolved, but the quitting of a public school under a cloud leaves a wound not to be salved by mere official apology, and it was a long time before I recovered from the blow. Next to the disgrace, and to the agony of being wronged, I felt most acutely separation from my chum of the five happiest years of my life—from Jackson, known as Dandy on account of his extreme ugliness, the cleverest, kindest, merriest, and most accomplished of boys. What became of him I never knew, which was surprising, inasmuch as great things in the world were expected from one of such remarkable physical and mental prowess. All I did know was that he left very soon after me.

So much by way of prologue.

Thirty years later, in the year 1870, I was living at Yokohama, in Japan.

There was as much difference between the Japan of 1870 and the same country of 1892, as between the public schools of fifty years ago and to-day. By a bloody revolution, a book which had been practically sealed to the outer world for uncountable centuries was thrown open partially for general inspection. Japan the mysterious and romantic began to show signs of being Japan the occidentalized—the land of telegraphs, and railways, and electric lighting, and breechloading rifles; and from the mouldy old shell, thick with the cobwebs of tradition and prejudice, was beginning to emerge a young people panting for that sunshine and free, fresh air of which hitherto they had

only obtained the merest glimpses and the most temporary gasps.

Still, there was enough of the old Japan left to make a residence in the country unpleasant for foreigners. We were still "beasts of invaders," "Western devils," and everything else which was hateful and uncanny, and our passage through towns and villages was marked by execrations, by insults, and occasionally by actual outrage, for the mass of the people and a very large proportion of the official classes were imbued with that "spirit of old Japan" which, if allowed to flourish, would have prevented the nation from ever taking onward steps.

Fines, imprisonments, and now and then an execution, kept the feeling from being too practically obtrusive; but it was there, and in a hundred little ways showed itself.

One November afternoon I was shooting with a friend amongst those mountains of which O Yama is the culminating point, about five-and-thirty miles from Yokohama. The country hereabouts was then—Indeed, I believe it is now—in its original state. In many villages the natives had never seen a foreigner; in none of them could be found a single article of Western manufacture, such as a lamp, or a knife, or a firearm. The country itself of old a favorite hunting ground with the great nobles of the capital, was absolutely wild—grandly and beautifully wild beyond description—a land of forest and torrent, of bold hills and pleasant valleys, of gorgeous coloring and brilliant contrasts, almost trackless and very sparsely inhabited; a land, the invasion of which by the prosaic, commonplace influence of Western life would touch the heart of every true lover of the quiet, the romantic, the picturesque, and the original.

Of course we were duly provided with passports, for the "Treaty Limits" of to-day had not yet been drawn out, and it was only by favor or stratagem that foreigners were enabled to go very far beyond the actual boundaries of their settlements. Hitherto, the passports, or rather the imposing display of

armorial bearing and big lettering upon them, had planed our way smoothly enough, and we had been a week without having been annoyed or disturbed more than was to be expected. But upon this particular November afternoon—one of those peerless late autumn afternoons which are not to be matched elsewhere in the world—as we were approaching the village of Minogé, we were stopped by two swaggering fellows in the hybrid garments of petty officialism, and our passports demanded.

We showed them. To our amazement, instead of the "Yoroshi" ("All right"), to which we were accustomed, the man who held the papers spat upon them, tore them in pieces, and accompanied the gratuitous insult by the most offensive epithet in the native vocabulary of foreign abuse.

I am a cool-tempered man. Not so my companion Haydecombe, an impulsive Devonshireman.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, with a strange flush on his brow, which always portended mischief, "that's a national insult!" and, before I could restrain him, out went his powerful fist straight from the shoulder, and down went the man who had disposed of our papers; the next minute he was grappling with the other fellow, who, although a "stuggy" little man with muscular arms and legs, was no match for Haydecombe, and who was simply thrown away like a ball, and lay stunned in a pool of blood. A scrimmage like this in broad daylight could, of course, not take place unnoticed, especially as the gentleman whom Haydecombe had first floored was running off, bawling the news "à toutes forces," and in a very few minutes we were the centre of a howling mob of both sexes.

Haydecombe was for making a dash through it, but I, who had seen more of Japanese life than he, and who knew that keen two-edged swords were as common articles of furniture in a Japanese village as three-legged stools are in an English one, and that nine men out of ten knew how to use them,

calmed him into reason; and so we were hustled along the village street between half-a-dozen stout fellows, who doubtless only prevented the crowd from immolating us there and then, by a feeling of pleasurable anticipation of what was to follow.

"What are you going to do with us?" I asked.

"Yakunin," laconically replied the man.

He had no need to say more. Given a rural yakunin, or mayor, and I could fill in the rest.

What the rest was, my next remark to Haydecombe sufficiently indicated.

"If we get out of this," said I, "we may thank our stars. These fellows are going to haul us before the yakunin. They'll have their tale to tell; ours won't be understood. We've split open the head of an official. That's quite enough to get us a year or two in chokee—and Jap chokee is no joke, by the Lord Harry!"

"*Civis Britannicus sum,*" remarked Haydecombe, giving a gentleman who was too free with his elbows a shove, which sent him sprawling.

"*Civis Fiddlesticks!*" I remarked. "Not much good being anything but *Civis Japonicus* just now. Indeed, if *Civis Japonicus* bowled a couple of police officers over as you did, it would be his last game of that sort."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Haydecombe, seriously now, for he had great respect for my opinion upon matters Japanese, being but a "griffin" or new-chum himself. "But for the life of me I couldn't help it, and, upon my word, if this fellow with the clogs doesn't keep further away, I shall have to help him to do so."

So we were marched through Minogé village until we reached a house of superior aspect standing by itself within a high bamboo fence, over the entrance of which hung a huge lantern, and what was evidently a badge of office at the end of a pole.

Our custodians showed us through the gate, and shut it in the face of the crowd.

"Well," said Haydecombe, "as we're

in for it, we'd better make the best of it."

With which he sat himself down on the raised edge-way running round the house, pulled out his pipe and lighted it, and I followed his example.

That I should have regarded our escapade as likely to be very serious for us may be considered ridiculous by the modern Yokohama Britisher, accustomed to be a man in authority, bowed and scraped to, and to live in the midst of a friendly and amiable community. But at the date of my story matters were very different. Indeed, the positions were reversed, for the foreigner was only tolerated, and it was to his interest to cultivate that toleration as much as possible by a conceding, almost a submissive, demeanor. Our lives were never quite safe. We knew that, no doubt, if we were haled away and our heads knocked off, when the news reached the settlement there would be a "bobbery," with the usual sequel of apologies, fines, and perhaps an execution or so; but that did not make our position any the better, and if we should contrive to escape, we knew very well that her Britannic Majesty's consul would rate us in no measured terms for having placed ourselves in such a strait.

Presently one of the paper doors was pushed aside—quietly and gently—and we just caught sight of a pretty girl's face, upon which was depicted wonder and curiosity. Haydecombe, who was the coolest of men when not excited, sang out something in his barbarous Japanese, which caused a pair of roguish eyes to twinkle, and made a pair of ruddy little lips to part so as to show a set of gleaming little teeth. Then the door was closed, and we heard subdued gigglings behind.

"O. K.!" said Haydecombe oracularly. "there are women, young women, on the establishment."

But that was all we saw of the damsel, for a few minutes later we were roughly ordered to follow our guards to the back of the house.

In the management of their houses the Japanese follow an exactly con-

trary plan to Europeans, as they do in most other matters, for whereas we lavish our attention upon the fronts of our houses, the Japanese concentrate all their ornamental and attractive notions upon the backs of theirs. The house of the yakunin of Minogé was no exception to the rule. Over about a quarter of an acre of ground were spread the features of an entire country-side—rivers, lakes, waterfalls, valleys, hills, fields, and mountains, with cunningly dwarfed trees, and stoned paths leading here and there; now under a *torii* or wooden arch, now past a quaint stone lantern, and over all an exact miniature of the holiest and grandest of mountains, Fuji San. Facing this pleasant prospect sat the yakunin, the arbiter of our fates; a desk before him, a charcoal brasier on one hand, and an attendant on the other.

If our hearts had leapt at the vision of the pretty girl's face, down they tumbled when we saw the yakunin's. He was what the old writers would call a man of severe aspect—ugly, uglier even than the average Japanese, and yet possessed of that quiet dignity of demeanor which so often goes far to redeem the plainness of a face, for his was not a typical Japanese face, for his eyes were not sunken, nor his cheek-bones prominent, nor his lips protruding. In all else, however, he was thoroughly national. Officials were about this time beginning to introduce European features, such as rings, watch-chains, and so forth, into their dress; but this man, from his top-knot to his white "tabi," or socks, was Japanese, and nothing but Japanese. Our names were taken. As I gave mine he fixed his eyes full on me. No doubt he questioned my veracity. Then I was commanded to give my version of the affair. To do the great man justice, he listened very patiently, not for a moment removing his keen gaze from my face. Then our custodians gave their version, and the fellow who had been knocked down was called in, as was his comrade who had been thrown, and they added their fuel to the fire. As the

face of the mayor grew darker as the tale proceeded, I have not the smallest doubt that it was a very pretty romance indeed which our guards retailed to him.

A long talk in subdued tones then took place between the yakunin and his attendant. At the end of it we were marched off to an isolated building upon the other side of the house, known as a "go-down," or store-house, pushed into utter darkness, and the door locked upon us. At sunset food was brought in to us. It was ample and good, and our hopes revived thereat.

"Jack," said Haydecombe, as he forked a slice of stewed fish into his mouth, "there's a woman's hand in this grub, and I'll bet you a new hat that the woman's hand hasn't done with us yet."

"Don't you be too sanguine," I replied; "I've been out here longer than you have, and I know what the Oriental fondness is for keeping up a show of mercy to the last, and then letting you have the worst straight."

"Then you think we're booked?"

I didn't reply for a moment. Then I said:—

"I think that if we can get out we had better."

"But you don't mean to say that they'd dare kill a couple of Englishmen because a brace of their miserable officials were knocked down?"

"I don't know. Remember, Europeans have been cut down before now for doing nothing."

"In hot blood—yes, I know; but for a common shindy in the street to shut two foreigners up all night, and trot them out to have their heads taken off in the morning in cold blood, is making the Japs out to be worse than they really are."

"Well," I said, "I hope so. At any rate, you've never seen into a Jap prison, and I have, and I'm not at all sure that I wouldn't rather take that morning walk you speak of than be shut up in a Jap prison. Now let's have a look round."

When the men brought us our food they gave us also a single lantern.

With this we examined our prison. It was a room thirty feet square, and at least five-and-thirty in height, to which air and a modicum of light were admitted by an aperture high up in the wall. It was empty save for a pile of old tea-chests in a corner, and it was exceedingly cold, for the floor, like the walls and roof, was of cement.

The first thing to be done was to take our bearings. To do this it was necessary to reach the window, and the only means of reaching the window was by piling up the tea-chests.

This we did, and found that from window to ground was a clear unbroken drop of about thirty feet down a wall, the surface of which was perfectly smooth. The yakunin's house was only some twenty yards away, and the whole was bounded by a high bamboo fence, which would require careful negotiation.

We descended to talk the position over, and replaced the boxes—just in time, for we had hardly done so when the door opened, and a coolie entered with a couple of common quilts, which were to be our beds.

"Supper, a light, and quilts," thought I; "this is hardly the treatment of condemned criminals, in spite of what I said to Hay just now. Perhaps there is the hand, or rather the heart, of a woman in it, after all." I asked the man what was going to be done with us. He shook his head, and replied:—

"If the mayor does nothing, the people will do something."

"But what can the mayor do?" I asked.

"Anything," replied the man, and he passed his forefinger suggestively over the back of his neck.

Then he left us with a "Sayonara," which had a very doleful ring about it in our ears.

"Haydecombe," said I, "we *must* have a shot at escape. It's now seven o'clock. We'll wait till all is quiet and the lights are out at the house, and, come what may, make a bolt for it. In the meanwhile we must contrive something to get out of that beastly window."

So we sat down, and with our handkerchiefs, and our bootlaces, and a bit of old bamboo cord made a rope which we calculated would lessen the drop by about fifteen feet.

The next problem for solution was to make fast a rope to a barless window. This we arranged by cutting a stout bit of wood so as to fit tightly across the opening, and were delighted to find that it resisted the hardest pulling test we could give it.

Then we lit our pipes and waited in darkness for the lantern wick soon went out.

In a couple of hours' time we heard the welcome sound of the closing of the night shutters outside the house. Haydecombe ascended and looked out. Presently he came quickly down.

"Jack," he said, in a voice quivering with excitement, "we're saved! *There's a ladder against the wall under the window!*"

It was so incredible that I was obliged to go up and see for myself. There was the ladder sure enough, and, to add to our chance, the night was pitchy dark. Something white fluttering at the head of the ladder attracted my attention. I stretched my hand down and took off a piece of paper. I descended with it, struck a match and examined it. On it was a rude sketch of a ladder placed against a bamboo fence close to an oddly twisted tree.

Our hearts leaped with joy, for we knew that there was a good angel about who was working for our deliverance.

"Bless her heart," said Haydecombe fervently. "If ever I meet her I'll ask her to be my wife, and take her to the ancestral home at Totnes as a pattern of womanhood! Stop! there's something on the other side! A broken ladder. What's that mean?"

"Why," I replied, "that when we have done with the ladder we are to destroy it, so that our unknown friend shan't get into trouble. And we are to scale the fence at that particular point for a very good reason, you may be sure."

We waited still a little time, for sounds of laughing and tipsy singing were carried to our ears, and it was

absolutely necessary that the streets should be clear.

When all was silent we commenced our escape. It was a wild, windy night, and so dark that we could hardly see each other. We descended, crossed the courtyard, and, after much groping and stumbling, found the tree. In less than ten minutes we were over the fence. In less than a quarter of an hour we had broken the ladder up and scattered its fragments far and wide. In less than half an hour from the moment when we quitted the window of the "go-down" we were striding away, free, homeward-bound men!

To this day I cannot tell what instinct guided our feet during a dark, wild night through a dark, wild country into the right track, but by daybreak we were skirting the large village of Atsugi, and at six o'clock we entered Totsuka, on the Tocaido road, where we halted for the first time, breakfasted, and furbished ourselves up a bit for our entry into civilized realms.

Ten years later—Anno Domini 1880—I went down to the old school which I had left under a cloud forty years before, on the occasion of the Old Boys' match. It was a blazing day in June, and although the school had altered in appearance, almost out of recognition, the natural surroundings were but little changed, and on this cricket-field—or rather on the edge of it, for I need hardly say that I was a spectator, not a player—I could recall pleasantly the long past days when I had sported here in all that matchless happiness of careless, healthy boyhood.

So far as I could judge, I must have been by a long way the oldest "boy" present, and I felt not a little out of my element amongst these young "Old Boys," whose talk was of days long after I had got into the thick of the battle of life; and so I sat apart from the spruce soldiers and the bronzed sailors, the Parsons, and lawyers, and business men who chatted and laughed merrily together about their past, and were regarded with awe and veneration by the fresh-cheeked youngsters of the present.

Whether it was my solitude, or the consciousness that I cut an incongruous figure, but I soon wandered away from the festive scene to explore the old school buildings, and trace, if possible, spots associated with episodes in my boy's life. So I occupied myself until I reached the great quadrangle, and saw that it was almost time for me to be starting on the road to the railway station.

One other figure seemed to be mooning about much as I was—the figure of a tall, sparsely haired man, apparently of about my own age. We approached each other, and as we approached we scanned each other curiously. I knew the face—most clearly and distinctly I knew it—but hardly so long ago, it seemed to me, as the days of my boyhood. Yet I felt sure this was an Old Boy of my epoch. He came close to me, stopped short, addressed me by name, and held out his hand.

I grasped it, saying that for the life of me I could not remember its owner's name.

"Jackson—Dandy Jackson," was the reply.

"Dandy Jackson!" I exclaimed. "Dear old ugly Dandy! My chum of nearly half a century ago. Why, old fellow, surely you didn't expect me to remember you after all these years?"

"I remembered you," he said; "but I suppose I had no right to expect you to remember me, I have altered far more than you have. Are you going to the station?"

I replied in the affirmative, so we linked arm-in-arm and strolled quietly down the broad, beautiful avenue. For a long time we talked of bygone days. Then Jackson suddenly said:—

"By the way, what was the upshot of that business for which you and Romilly and Carew were bunked?"

"Well, you know we were innocent," I replied, "and the authorities found that out, too, for they did all in their power to make amends to us; but whether they caught the real fellow, and what they did, I never heard."

"So the way you left the school didn't

turn out prejudicial to you in after life?" said Dandy.

"No. I've had a quiet, uneventful life," I replied. "I don't think I've ever had an adventure of any sort, unless a bit of a shindy I got into when I was in Japan could be called an adventure. But you've knocked about a lot, Dandy, I expect from your appearance?"

"Yes—I have," he replied musingly, "a lot! Knocked about is the right word. But what was your adventure in Japan? Anything about that wonderful country interests me immensely."

Se I related briefly to him what has formed the substance of the preceding pages, and we arrived at the railway station just as I finished. I was going to town, Dandy was going in the opposite direction; our trains were due at the same time, so we stood at the bottom of the footbridge before saying good-bye.

"I owe that Japper," I said, "a good turn, which I fear I never can repay. I've written to him, but I've never had an answer."

"It would be a rum thing if he owed you one," said Dandy. "By Jove, there's the whistle of one of our trains!"

"What do you mean, Dandy?" said I. "How could the mayor of a little obscure Japanese country village owe me a turn?"

"Well," said he, grasping my hand, "I happen to know that he did, for I was the man, and—and I was the fellow who did the business at the school for which you and Romilly and Carew were bunked!"

And before I could give audible vent to my amazement Dandy Jackson was flying up the steps of the footbridge to catch his train which was just steaming into the station.

both in England and on the Continent very long before it was used in the sense in which we moderns have grown accustomed to understand it. The poet who rose above the ordinary rut of versifiers, whose work seemed likely to secure a hearing from posterity as well as from his own contemporaries, was often styled a "laureate poet." The expression occurs as early as the fourteenth century, and is used by Chaucer in the "Canterbury Tales." When the "Clerk of Oxenford" is about to tell the story of the patient Griselda, he says that he had learned it at Padua, from Petrarch, the "laureate poete." But this phrase, no doubt, merely referred to the famous crowning of Petrarch at Rome as poet-laureate, as tradition affirmed that Virgil and Horace had been crowned there before him. A royal author, James I. of Scotland, in the early part of the fifteenth century—a period when royal authors were not quite so common as they are nowadays—uses the same phrase in reference to Chaucer himself and to Gower. In his poem of the "King's Quhair" (that is, "The King's Little Book"), he speaks of these two as his "maisters dear":—

Superlative as poetes laureate
In rhetorique and eloquence ornate.

The royal criticism is somewhat indiscriminate. Gower, that worthy but exceedingly long-winded old verse-producer, is no doubt valuable to the philologer and to the antiquarian, but as a poet he is naught. Yet he has in some measure contributed to the gaiety of English readers, for did he not induce Mr. Russell Lowell to write of him:—

As you slip to and fro on the frozen levels of his verse, which give no foothold to the mind, as your nervous ear awaits the inevitable recurrence of his rhyme, regularly pertinacious as the tick of an eight-day clock and reminding you of Wordsworth's

Once more the ass did lengthen out

The hard, dry, see-saw of his horrible bray,
you learn to dread, almost to respect, the
powers of this indefatigable man. . . .
You cannot escape him. Dip in at the
middle or at the end, dodge back to the

From *Temple Bar.*

THE POET-LAUREATESHIP.

Who was the first English poet-laureate? On this matter the literary doctors differ. Of course the term "poet-laureate" was applied to poets

beginning, the patient old man is there to take you by the button and go on with his imperturbable narrative. . . . Gower had no notion of the uses of rhyme except as a kind of crease at the end of every eighth syllable, where the verse was to be folded over again into another layer. He says, for example:—

This maiden Canacee was hight,
Both in the day and eke by night,
As if people commonly changed their
names at dark.

Thus this "surperlative laureate" has not wholly lived in vain.

But there was another, and a slightly more formal way in which the term "poet-laureate" was used. Skill in the production of artificial Latin verse is not even now without some slight reward at the universities; in earlier times, if it were joined with some proficiency in grammar and rhetoric, it could command a special degree of its own. The man who excelled in it, who could write in praise of his university, or produce his hundred lines on any other topic acceptable to the authorities, might receive the degree of "poeta laureatus." Thus we find Caxton, in the preface to one of his translations from the French, speaking of "Mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate." This Skelton, a learned man, whose work belongs to the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., seems to have been particularly proud of his title as poet-laureate of the University of Oxford; and, indeed, he held the degree from Cambridge as well. He heads his Latin verses with the title "Poeta Skelton Laureatus," and in one of his English pieces he says:—

A kyng to me myn habyte gave,
At Oxforth, the Universyte,
Avaunced I was to that degre;
By hole consent of theyr senate,
I was made poet lawreate.

But what an extraordinary laureate he was! Whatever may be the value of his Latin verse, his English writings are not above doggerel, though he is full of vigor and coarse humor. His attacks on Wolsey, when the cardinal was at the height of his power, show both that Skelton was above fear, and that it was

no duty of the laureate in his time to seek for favor at court. This "poeta laureatus" has thus described his own poetical style:—

For though my rime be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely raine-beaten,
Rusty and mooth-eaten,
If ye take wel therewith
It hath in it some pith.

Pith? yes; poetry? no. Skelton has no idea of literary form, though there is one little piece of his for which, even on the literary side, a good word may be said. But Skelton's works, like Gower's, have found their way to the shelves of the antiquarians, not quite so reservedly as Gower's.

All this, however, has little or nothing to do with the laureateship in the modern sense of the word. We pass from these early writers, and come to what the last English laureate has styled "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." Here the title begins to show itself in something imperfectly approaching the sense in which it was afterwards understood. There are first two or three writers who may be called vague, shadowy laureates, connected with the court in a fashion, but with no definitely fixed official position. Of these vague laureates, the first is one of the greatest names in English poetry. It would be pleasant to think of Spenser as poet-laureate to Queen Elizabeth, and there are those who do so; but strict criticism cannot allow the claim. It is true that Spenser became a courtier, and flattered the queen in the extraordinary style of the time, and that when he dedicated the first three books of the "Faery Queen" to Elizabeth she gave him a pension of £50 a year. It is true also that Spenser speaks of himself as the wearer of the laurel-leaf. In one of the sonnets to the lady who was to become his wife, he says:—

The Laurel Leaf, which you this day do
wear,
Gives me great hope of your relenting
Mind;
For since it is the Badge which I do bear,
You, bearing it, do seem to me inclin'd.

But this is nothing more than the usual formal reference to the laurel as the poet's special tree. No such office as that of poet-laureate, as it is now understood, existed in Elizabeth's time, and few poets who have flattered a sovereign have had such bitter experience of the fickleness and cruelty of a court as Spenser. Like some of his more formally appointed successors, he was indeed buried in Westminster Abbey. Yes; but he had died of starvation.

Passing over the second name in this vague list—the name of Samuel Daniel, a very worthy writer both in verse and prose, but of whose so-called laureateship literary anecdote has nothing to say—the third shadowy laureate is no less a man than Ben Jonson. In his case, the vague office is already becoming a little less vague, for he received from James I. royal letters patent appointing him to the post, with a salary of one hundred marks a year. But as Ben thought this salary too low, he wrote in rhyme, "The Humble Petition of Poor Ben," praying King Charles, the "best of monarchs, masters, men," to let the marks be changed into pounds. The appeal was successful, and to the £100 was added a yearly grant of a tierce of Canary, the wine Jonson loved best. This wine was to come from the king's stores at Whitehall, and to be delivered to the poet at such time as he might wish it. He was made city-chronologer too, with another salary of one hundred nobles a year. All this was not bad for a man who had started in life as a bricklayer. Jonson is the only poet-laureate who, in his own words, was "brought near the gallows," for he fought a duel with a fellow-actor, and, though he was badly wounded himself, he killed his man. In one respect Jonson resembled, or rather excelled the first great real laureate, Dryden; for he changed his religion twice, from Protestantism to the Roman Catholic Church, and then back to Protestantism again. On the occasion of his return to his first faith, he is reported to have drained the whole chalice of wine at the Sacrament, as a proof of the sincerity of his repen-

ance. Ben was always very fond of wine.

What was Jonson's work as so-called poet-laureate at the courts of James I. and Charles I.? As court poet it was not his business to write odes for royal birthdays or marriages; but he produced a large number of masques, splendid entertainments in which magnificent scenery, music, dancing, songs, and the poet's wit and invention combined in flattery of the sovereign and the court. These things were not generally left to be represented by professional actors; the parts were taken by the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and of course the pieces were not performed at the public theatres. They were for the king's palaces or the houses of the great. It was fashionable in those days to be servile to royalty, and it made no difference to the courtly writer whether the sovereign happened to be a woman like Elizabeth or a man like James.

With Jonson, the shadowy line of laureates comes to an end, but many years passed before the real line began. The great Civil War came in the way, and court masques and melodies were things of the past. The imagination refuses to conceive the Puritan republican Milton acting as court minstrel to his Highness the Lord Protector Cromwell. Milton might, out of his own heart and belief, address a sonnet to "Cromwell, our chief of men," but it was not the time or place for official and pensioned celebrations. The strict line of laureates in the modern sense of the word, with the obligatory official duties from which the poet was hardly released till Wordsworth was appointed in 1843, dates from the restoration of Charles II.

Of the first laureate in this strictly official line, Sir William Davenant, there is, as laureate, nothing to be said. His successor was a very different man. The first great poet-laureate—and if we omit the "shadowy" Spenser and Jonson, only three great English poets have been laureates from the time when the office was founded in 1660 till the death of Tennyson in 1892—was Dryden.

Dryden's place in English poetry is a high one; but what is there specially to be said of him as the laureate poet? It can only be replied that great as his name is in other departments, as laureate it is little more than a pitiable one. To begin with, it is rather curious to remember that the laureate of Charles II. had gained his first poetical success by his metrical praise of Oliver Cromwell. At the Restoration, however, Dryden at once changed his tune and had a new song to sing. It is not necessary to believe that there was any real insincerity in this. But the fact remains that, on the Restoration, Dryden welcomed Charles in a strain of the most exaggerated flattery, going so far in absurdity as to say that the whiteness of the cliffs at Dover (where Charles landed) was a sign of England's repentance and sorrow. Dryden burnt his literary incense again at the Coronation in the same exceedingly wasteful manner. This was laying a foundation for court favor; and as the king liked the poet's plays, and Dryden had powerful friends, his succession to the post of laureate was natural enough. Davenant held the office for the first eight years of the reign; two years were allowed to pass before the office was filled up, and then Dryden stepped in. Things began pleasantly for him, for in addition to his annual £200, he was paid £400 for the arrears of the two years during which the office had been vacant, and these sums of money were of course far more valuable then than they are now. But this cheerful state of matters did not last. The king did, at some unknown date, grant Dryden another £100 a year, but the Treasury was too often in a crazy condition, and all his payments fell into arrears. For so long a period as four years he did not receive a penny. His complaints were very urgent and bitter. They may have been natural enough, but there seems a want of manliness about them. In the preface to one of his plays Dryden says that he subsists wholly by the king's bounty; rather a humiliating, and, of course, an exaggerated statement. He continued to flatter Charles in his plays,

and when the king ended his "unconscionable" delay in dying, the laureate duly came forward with the official lamentation. Dryden, who had been so bitterly reproaching the government for its failure to pay him his pensions, now, of course, discovers that Charles was the "great encourager of arts." Yet, even in this utterly extravagant eulogium of the virtues and merits of Charles II.—for Dryden does not hesitate to compare Charles to the king of kings—he cannot quite keep those unfortunate pensions out of his verse. He tells how the muses (his own among them) had greeted the king's return.

And such a plenteous crop they bore,
Of purest and well-winnowed grain
As Britain never knew before;
Though little was their hire and light
their gain,
Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew.
Like birds of Paradise that lived on
morning dew.
Oh, never let their lays his name forget!
The pension of a Prince's praise is great.
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts.

Charles was not without a sense of humor, and it is just as well that he was unable to read this.

And now Dryden was laureate to a new king. It decidedly seems a little unfortunate that as Dryden changed his politics when Charles II. came back, so he changed his religion when the Roman Catholic James II. succeeded his brother. Charity must make the best of this that it can. The extravagant ode on the death of the late king, had equally extravagant praises for the new one. But how did James show his gratitude? He would not renew the £100 pension which Charles had given to Dryden, and he was mean enough to cut off the butt of Canary which Ben Jonson had obtained for the laureateship. The special salary of the office was of course paid. But Dryden soon turned Roman Catholic, and then the extra £100, with its arrears, was restored to him. This is not quite pleasant. The poet's fortune, however, was not to last long. There could not

be a popish laureate when William of Orange had driven out James. Dryden had to go. The lord chamberlain, Dorset, when compelled to remove Dryden from his post, acted most generously to him from his own purse; yet Dryden was always complaining of injustice, and in this matter presents a spectacle which is very far from an edifying one. Such was the end of the first great English laureateship. It is in no way a very dignified story; and those who think most highly of Dryden's poetical genius could wish that he had never had anything to do with the laureateship at all.

It is not particularly easy to shed tears over Dryden, but if we admit that there was some tragedy in his career as court poet, we are now on the high-road of comedy with his successors. We leave a great writer, and come to a dismal procession of poetasters, a dreary succession of wretched scribblers. And the first name in this almost contemptible list is that of a Mr. Shadwell. This was the man whom William III. delighted to honor. Though, indeed, the poor king was forced to it, for the court poet must now be a Whig, and this was the best Whig at hand. The appointment was made entirely for political reasons. The only atom of literary interest about it is that Shadwell had been one of Dryden's bitterest opponents, and that the great laureate must have felt an additional mortification when he was pushed out of his place by a man whom he had crushed by his overwhelming satire years before. The second of these tedious drivellers was one Nahum Tate, a man whose "New Version of the Psalms" (done in conjunction with Dr. Brady) has saddened generations of church-goers. Here is the "Grand Chorus" of one of poor Tate's official odes:—

Happy, happy, past expressing,
Britain, if thou knowest thy blessing;
Home-bred discord ne'er alarm thee,
Other mischief cannot harm thee.
Happy, if thou knowest thy blessing,
Happy, happy, past expressing.

And this is the best Tate could do for Queen Anne on New Year's day, 1703:—

Sound thy loudest Trumpet, Fame,
The joyful Jubilee proclaim,
Through Europe's sighing plains,
And nations long opprest;
Tell 'em Britain's Anna reigns,
Britannia's Anna reigns, and Europe shall
have rest.

Fame no doubt did "tell 'em," as the laureate elegantly phrases it; but the nations knew far too much to pay any attention. The battle of Blenheim was fought the next year.

This poor creature Tate was forced to give up the laureateship when the Hanoverians came in. He died in 1717, in the Mint, where he had gone to seek shelter from extreme poverty. The next of the sorrowful company is Nicholas Rowe, a dramatist, and of course a Whig. Of him as laureate there is absolutely nothing to be said, unless it be to contrast his almost secret burial in the Abbey with the famous funeral of Tennyson. A London newspaper of December 27, 1718, wrote:—

Yesterday was Se' night, at Night, the corps of the late Nicholas Rowe, Esq. late king's Poet Laureat, was carried from Exeter Exchange by the Company of Upholsterers, and privately interr'd in Westminster Abbey, amongst those of the poets, and close by the side of Old Parr, who was 152 years of age when he dyed. The Bishop of Rochester performed the funeral service, because they were schoolfellows at Westminster School, when Dr. Busby was then precentor.

One specimen of Rowe's official work will do. He begs the new year, 1716, to—

See thy George, for this is he!
On his right hand waiting free,
Britain and fair liberty:
Every good is in his face,
Every open honest grace.
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy
race.

"Thou great Plantagenet" is good.

There are no words to be said of the twelve years' laureateship of Rowe's successor, the very deeply buried Rev. Laurence Eusden. Because George I. died before he got to Osnabrück, this wonderful laureate contrives to compare the heavy old Hanoverian to

Moses. We come to Colley Cibber. But first a curious little incident comes in, just to give a touch of quaintness and oddity to the very melancholy business which the laureateship had now become. Dr. Johnson's wretched friend, Richard Savage—wretched through his own faults and dissipations—was in his chronic state of destitution, and the vacant office was a great temptation to him. When Eusden died, Savage exerted himself so eagerly to get the post that George II. actually promised it to him, but the king found that he could not keep his word. The lord chamberlain insisted on having Cibber. Then Savage did a rather odd thing. As he could not be the king's laureate, he resolved that he would be the queen's. He wrote some verses on the queen's birthday. Caroline replied that he might do the same every year if he liked, and that he should have a yearly present of fifty pounds. Savage chose for himself the eccentric title of "Volunteer Laureate." Cibber very justly told him that the title of laureate was a mark of honor granted by the king, and that no one had a right to assume it for himself. Savage might, in fact, just as well style himself "Volunteer Lord," or "Volunteer Baronet." But Savage cared nothing for this, and till the queen died, seven years later, he remained (in his own estimation) Volunteer Laureate, produced his yearly verses, and pocketed his yearly present.

Colley Cibber, a man of somewhat higher mark than his four immediate predecessors, was one of the too numerous laureates selected, not for their poetry, but for their politics. Of course such selections were practically unavoidable. Cibber has his importance for the historian of the stage; as laureate he is only interesting for what two far greater men than himself—Pope and Johnson—had to say about him. Pope who, very unjustly, in later years made Cibber the King of Dunces in the second form of the "Dunciad," had his fling at Cibber as soon as he was spoken of for the laureateship:—

Great George, such servants since thou
well canst lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack.

Pope kept pegging away against poor Cibber. A poor Wiltshire laborer named Duck had written some verses, and the queen, wisely or not, had granted him an house and an annuity. So Pope produced his epigram "On the Candidates for the Laurel":—

Shall royal praise be rhym'd by such a
ribald
As fopling Cibber or attorney Tibbald?
Let's rather wait one year for better luck:
One year may make a singing Swan of
Duck.

Cibber himself tells us that Pope wrote the following epigram on the appointment:—

In merry Old England, it was once a Rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool.
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to
know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and
for Poet.

Once again Pope returns to the charge, in very poor rhyme:—

Tell, if you can, which did the worse,
Caligula or Grafton's Grace?
That made a Consul of a horse,
And this a Laureate of an ass.

This is rather poor fooling. Cibber's laureateship only becomes at all entertaining when we come to what Dr. Johnson has to say about it. "Colley Cibber, sir, was by no means a blockhead," Johnson once remarked to Boswell, and Johnson's decision on such a matter is conclusive, for if a man was a blockhead, Johnson was never shy of telling him so. But if Cibber was by no means a blockhead, he was by no means an ideal poet-laureate. His odes are simply stupid, and his friends adopted a very poor line of defence, when they asserted that Cibber deliberately meant them to be so. Johnson knew better:—

His friends gave out that he intended his birthday Odes should be bad; but it was not the case, sir; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died, he showed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as per-

fect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to consent. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the king and himself:—

Perch'd on the eagle's soaring wing,
The lowly linnet loves to sing.

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle's wing, and he had applied it to a linnet.

And again Johnson says:—

I remember when he [Cibber] brought me one of his Odes to have my opinion of it, I could not bear such nonsense, and would not let him read it to the end, so little respect had I for *that great man*.

It is very amusing to picture Johnson in company with Cibber, correcting a birthday ode in praise of George II., a king for whom Johnson never had a good word to say; against whom, indeed, in conversation, he, as Boswell tells us, at times, "roared with prodigious violence." And in fact Johnson had his own epigram on both king and laureate:—

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's
reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber
sing;

For Nature form'd the Poet for the King.

Here is a specimen of the sort of thing that Cibber was capable of producing in his official capacity. He is celebrating the king's birthday:—

With Song, ye Britons, lead the day!
Sing! Sing the Morn, that gave him
Breath,
Whose Virtues never shall decay,
No, never, never taste of Death.

This of George II.!

And when New Year's day, 1731, comes round, Mr. Cibber, "Servant to His Majesty," reflects as follows:—

Britannia, pleas'd, looks round her
Realms to see
Such various Causes of Felicity!
To Glorious War, more Glorious Peace
succeeds,
(For most we Triumph, when the Farmer
feeds).

"When the Farmer feeds!" This is the way poetry expresses itself in the hands of a Colley Cibber.

The dreary line of mediocrities was destined to be continued, though on the death of Cibber, there was, for a moment, a chance of something better. The post was offered to Gray. Under the Georges, the office was held to imply an ode on the New Year, and an ode on the king's birthday. This is what Cowper scornfully alludes to when he says of kings and their laureates that

While they live, the courtly laureate
pays
His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of
praise.

Gray was told that if he would accept the office, he might leave all this annual drudgery alone. But Gray would have nothing to do with the laureateship on and terms. He refused contemptuously:—

Though I well know the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you Rat-catcher to His Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year, and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be serjeant-trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. . . . Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a Poet Laureate.

As Gray declined the job, destiny called in a Mr. William Whitehead. Though Gray had been told that he might make the office a sinecure, Whitehead was informed that the task-work must be performed. Gray's friend, Mason, advised Whitehead to do the work by deputy; there were plenty of needy poets, he said, who would be glad of a few guineas. But Whitehead plodded through the business himself. Of course, his productions are worthless; the strain of these things is nonsensical beyond endurance. A man who insists on saying that because the 4th of June is the birthday of George III., the zephyrs, therefore, rise from laughing fields, the warbling larks and wood-birds wake their tuneful throats, the streams murmur, the flocks that rove the mountain's brow, and the herds that play through the meadows, all agree to proclaim that this is really Nature's holiday—well, a man who can say all this, is, as Voltaire said of Habakuk, capable of anything. Whitehead got his laureateship from the Duke of Devonshire, the then lord chamberlain. He writes:—

The following fact is true.
From nobler names, and great in each
degree,
The pension'd laurel has devolv'd to me.
To me, ye bards; and what you'll scarce
conceive,
Or, at the best, unwillingly believe,
Howe'er unworthily I wear the crown,
Unask'd it came, and from a hand un-
known.

"A hand unknown;" yes, the Duke of Devonshire can hardly have known what he was doing. There is a touch of humor in Whitehead when he says he did not *ask* the office. He went on producing his annual twaddle for nearly thirty years. Among his verses is a little piece entitled: "A Pathetic Apology for all Laureates, Past, Present, and to Come;" a poor little production, but showing that even Whitehead had some scorn for the trade which he plied.

From Whitehead to Warton. Warton, of course, is not a man to be despised; but his laureateship is only an

amusing episode at the end of his career. His real work was historical and critical, and had nothing to do with the annual turning out of mechanical odes. But there is some entertainment about Laureate Warton. To begin with, Warton had been doing the jobs of the office long before he actually possessed it. When George II.'s foolish son, the Prince of Wales, died in 1751, Warton broke out into metrical cant about a nation's tears, the fact being that the nation did not shed, or affect to shed, the most perfunctory tear on this particular occasion. There was a rhymester who knew far better what the nation thought:—

Here lies Prince Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his Father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his Brother,
Sooner than any other;
Had it been his Sister,
There's no one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Best of all for the Nation:
But since it's only Fred,
There's no more to be said.

The writer of these lines never became poet-laureate.

Warton, however, did, and he is ready to afford us another few minutes' diversion. The "Rolliad" is not much remembered now, and it hardly has much claim on remembrance. But more than a hundred years ago, when Whitehead died, it gained for itself a very fair share of popularity. Its authors produced a series of mock odes, supposed to be written by possible candidates for the laureateship. They thus prefaced their work:—

In order to administer strict and impartial justice to the numerous Candidates for the vacant Poet-Laureateship, many of whom are of illustrious birth, and high character: Notice is hereby given, that the same form will be attended to in receiving the names of the said Candidates, which is invariably observed in registering the Court Dancers. . . . Each Candidate is expected to deliver in a "Probationary Birth-Day Ode," with his name, and also personally to appear on a future day, to recite the same before such

literary judges as the Lord Chamberlain, in his wisdom, may appoint.

The candidates duly appear; men mostly forgotten nowadays. The vote fell for Warton, and so "a little, thick, squat, red-faced man. . . . presented a piece of paper for the royal acceptance," setting forth, "that the petitioner, Mr. Thomas, had been many years a maker of poetry, as his friend, Mr. Sadler, the pastry-cook of Oxford, and some other credible witnesses could well evince. . . . That he had entered the list," and so forth. The election was confirmed. There is much feeble fooling in the "Roliad," but the story of the laureateship in the eighteenth century is such an exceedingly dreary affair that the slightest relief is welcome.

Warton himself, however, as laureate, affords far better fun than all his critics. Listen to this man. Here he is on one of the king's birthdays:—

As when the demon of the summer storm
Walks forth the noontide landscape to
deform,
Dark grows the vale, and dark the dis-
tant grove,
And thick the bolts of angry Jove
Athwart the wat'ry welkin tide,
And streams the ariel torrent far and
wide.

Well, what is it all about? Why, demons go about deforming the landscape and making themselves generally objectionable, simply because an old man, who happened to be a king, was unwell; and when the old man gets better, the demons retreat to their proper department, which in common decency they ought never to have left. It is painful to see demons wandering about in this vague and evidently useless manner. Enough of Warton as laureate.

We come now to what may perhaps be regarded as the tit-bit in this extraordinary collection of rhymesters, for we have arrived at Mr. Henry James Pye. This poor man only hangs on to memory because Byron was unkind enough to mention him. Byron, angry with the *Edinburgh Review* for its criticism of his juvenile poems, replied

with his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In response to mere verbal criticism he wrote:—

"But hold!" exclaimed a friend—"here's some neglect:
This—that—and t'other line seem in-
correct."
What then? the self-same blunder Pope
has got,
And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has
not!"
Indeed! 'tis granted, faith!—but what
care I?
Better to err with Pope, than shine with
Pye.

And again, in his "Vision of Judgment," Byron makes the ghost of George III. exclaim, when Southey begins the recitation of his incomparably stupid poem of the same name:—

What, what!
Pye come again? No more, no more of
that.

George in the flesh would not have been satisfied with a mere "What, what!" for he always repeated his ejaculatory remarks three times. This curious "triptology," as Horace Walpole called it, descended to the king's son, the Duke of Cambridge. He employed it equally at church or at the opera. "Let us pray," said the clergyman. "Aye, to be sure," responded the duke from his seat, "why not? let us pray, let us pray, let us pray!" On another occasion, when the commandments were being read, the duke was heard to remark: "Steal? no, of course not; mustn't steal, mustn't steal." At the opera one evening he was disappointed by the absence of beauties. "Why, I declare there are not half-a-dozen pretty girls in the house—not half-a-dozen, not half-a-dozen, not half-a-dozen."

The lowest depths had now been reached. To sink lower than Pye was simply impossible. Byron, in a half ironic fashion, spoke of himself as the possible next laureate. In 1812, before Pye's death, Byron met the regent at a ball, and the regent talked poetry. So Byron writes to Lord Holland:—

I have now great hopes, in the event of

Mr. Pye's decease, of warbling truth at Court. . . . Consider, one hundred marks a year! besides the wine and the disgrace—but then remorse would make me drown myself in my own butt before the year's end.

When Pye departed, however, there actually was a chance that a great name might have come to redeem the laureateship from the contempt into which it had deservedly fallen. It would have been only the first great name since Dryden's, and, curiously enough, it was the name of Dryden's editor and biographer. For the post was offered to Scott. But Scott would have none of it. He wrote to the Duke of Buccleuch about the proposal, and the duke frankly replied that he should be mortified by seeing Scott hold a situation, "which, by the general concurrence of the world, is stamped ridiculous. . . . The poet-laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of *court plaster*. . . . Only think of being chanted and recited by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birthday, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honor, and gentlemen-pensioners! Oh, horrible! Thrice horrible!"

The great men, of course, would have nothing to do with the place. Scott generously recommended Southey, and Southey accepted. After all, with Southey as laureate, are we on a much higher level than with Pye? Southey, with all his admirable qualities as a man of letters, was very little of a poet, even when he chose his own subjects, and worked for his own pleasure. His official productions are beneath contempt. But to do him justice, it must be remembered that he took the office partly because the small pension attached to it would enable him to do something more for the support of his family. And he also believed that the annual odes would not be required. He was to write, he thought, or to be silent, as the spirit moved him. He soon found out his mistake. He had to perform what he himself calls the usual *Odeous* task. Of this industrious

versifier's ludicrous performances in this direction, one, the most ludicrous of all, still hangs on to memory, for Byron has willed that it should be so. Southey positively wrote a "Vision of Judgment," celebrating the apotheosis of George III. in heaven:—

Thou art released! I cried: thy soul is delivered from bondage!
Thou who hast lain so long in mental and visual darkness,
Thou art in yonder heaven! thy place is in light and in glory.

Southey, in his vision, finds himself in a vault. George gets out of it, and in some mysterious manner makes his way to the New Jerusalem:—

O'er the adamantine gates an Angel stood on the summit.
"Ho!" he exclaimed, "King George of England cometh to judgment!
Hear Heaven! Ye angels hear! Souls of the Good and the Wicked
Whom it concerns, attend! Thon, Hell, bring forth his accusers!"

Washington's spirit meets George's at the gate of heaven, and much unendurable twaddle is the consequence. Of course the king goes inside, while ministering spirits clap their pennons, and hallelujahs are tiresomely frequent. The whole thing is sickening. This is Southey as poet-laureate. Of course, this preposterous nonsense would not now be known even by name, if Southey had not managed to connect it with a far more illustrious name than his own. In his preface, Southey fell foul of Byron. Byron replied with another "Vision of Judgment," in which Southey and his hero George appear as figures, who, as Carlyle said of something else, are enough to make, not only the angels, but even the very jackasses weep.

With Southey's departure, the line of mediocrities ends. And the relief is of a two-fold character. For not only does a real poet accept the office, but, as laureate, he positively writes nothing whatever. When Southey died in 1843, it was generally felt that the post was due to Wordsworth, if he would accept it. Of course, there were alternatives.

Tennyson was already thought of. In Bon Gaultier's "Book of Ballads," there is a very flippant piece supposed to be written by Tennyson on Southey's death:—

Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket his gold?

The same caricaturists press even such an unpoetical character as Macaulay into the competition:—

"Now glory to our gracious Queen!" a voice was heard to cry,
And dark Macaulay stood before them all with frenzied eye;
"Now glory to our gracious Queen, and all her glorious race,
A boon, a boon my sovran liege! Give me the Laureate's place!
'Twas I that sang the might of Rome,
the glories of Navarre;
And who could swell the fame so well of Britain's Isles afar?
The hero of a hundred fights—" Then Wellington up sprung,
"Ho, silence in the ranks, I say! Sit down, and hold your tongue."

But Wordsworth was the only writer who was seriously thought of. A very few days after Southey's death, he was asked to accept the position. At first he refused. He was too old, he said, and not fit for producing ceremonial verse. But Peel himself stepped in, assuring Wordsworth that the office was to be a purely honorary one, and that nothing whatever would be required from him. Then Wordsworth accepted; and he was a silent laureate.

To go to court, Wordsworth must have a court suit, and he possessed nothing of the kind. So he went to Rogers, and with much difficulty was squeezed into Rogers's clothes. He told an American friend how the queen received him:—

The reception given me by the Queen at her ball was most gracious. Mrs. Everett, the wife of your Minister, among many others, was a witness to it, without knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. This effect was in part

of feeling, as pertaining to a Republican produced, I suppose, by American habits Government. To see a grey-haired man of seventy-five years of age kneeling down in a large assembly to kiss the hand of a young woman, is a sight for which institutions essentially democratic do not prepare a spectator of either sex.

Wordsworth's seven years of office passed over in silence, and at length we arrive at Tennyson.

The vacancy on Wordsworth's death was not filled up with anything like the general consent which had greeted Wordsworth's own appointment. Browning was mentioned. Leigh Hunt was disappointed that the post was not assigned to him. It was hinted that as the sovereign was a woman, a woman-laureate would be in keeping, and Mrs. Browning's name was suggested. Finally the post was offered to Rogers, a man of nearly ninety years of age. The prince consort wrote to him:—

My dear Mr. Rogers.—The death of the lamented Mr. Wordsworth has vacated the office of Poet-Laureate. Although the spirit of the times has put an end to the practice (at all times objectionable) of exacting laudatory Odes from the holders of that office, the Queen attaches importance to its maintenance from its historical antiquity and the means it affords to the sovereign of a more personal connection with the Poets of the country through one of their chiefs. I am authorized, accordingly, to offer you this honorary post, and can tell you that it will give Her Majesty great pleasure if it were accepted by one whom she has known so long, and who would so much adorn it; but that she would not have thought of offering it to you at your advanced age if any duties or trouble were attached to it.—Believe me always, my dear Mr. Rogers, yours truly,

ALBERT.

Rogers, however, very naturally felt that he was too old to accept even a merely honorary post. Who, then, was to have it? Years before, there had been an attempt to get a pension for Tennyson. Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, was often consulted by Peel on matters of this sort. One day Carlyle said to Milnes, "When are you

going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" Milnes replied, no doubt jestingly, that if his constituents knew that he was getting a pension for a poet of whom they knew nothing, they would think it must be for a poor relation of his own. Then came Carlyle's reply: "Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is *you* that will be damned."

Whether Milnes was frightened by this prospect, or not, he certainly applied to Peel. Peel had not read a syllable of Tennyson. But Milnes showed him "Locksley Hall," and "Ulysses," and the pension of £200 was immediately granted. And, now, on the death of Wordsworth, another prime minister has to admit that he knows nothing whatever about Tennyson. Lord John Russell wrote to Rogers:—

As you would not wear the laurel yourself, I have mentioned to the Queen those whom I thought most worthy of the honor. Her Majesty is inclined to bestow it on Mr. Tennyson; but I should wish, before the offer is made, to know something of his character, as well as of his literary merits. I know your opinion of the last by your advice to Sir Robert Peel, but I should be glad if you could let me know something of his character and position.

This is indeed quaint. But no doubt Rogers was equal to the situation. More than six months passed after Wordsworth's death before the office was filled up, but the offer came to Tennyson at last. He has himself given a curious account of the way in which he received it. He told his friend Mr. Knowles:—

The night before I was asked to take the Laureateship, which was offered to me through Prince Albert's liking for my "In Memoriam," I dreamed that he came to me and kissed me on the cheek. I said in my dream, "Very kind, but very German." In the morning the letter about the Laureateship was brought to me and laid upon my bed. I thought about it through the day, but could not make up

my mind whether to take it or refuse it, and at last I wrote two letters, one accepting and one declining, and threw them on the table, and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and bottle of port.

It is rather curious that Tennyson, in his first appearance at court, exactly followed Wordsworth's precedent. He dressed at Rogers's, and wore the old poet's court suit just as Wordsworth had done. "I well remember," says Sir Henry Taylor, "a dinner in St. James's Place, when the question arose whether Samuel's suit was spacious enough for Alfred." But the laureate managed to make it do.

Of Tennyson, merely as laureate, there is fortunately little to say. He did not write much in his official capacity. The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" would probably have been written even if Tennyson had never had anything to do with the lord chamberlain. It was not because he was a laureate that Tennyson was a patriot. His other pieces on royal weddings and so forth are slight and unimportant. They have the factitious exaggeration which is inseparable from such things, and nothing more need be said about them.

From The Nineteenth Century.
HULDERICO SCHMIDEL

How many historians worthy of a better fate sleep unregarded under the dust of libraries! History has fashions, like ladies' bonnets. That which was history two hundred years ago, to-day is like a gown of George the Second's court, quite out of fashion.

Time was when history consisted in chronicling facts and dates, chiefly, of course, of battles, plagues, famines, and births and deaths of kings, without much comment from the author, and without the least idea of analyzing motives. To-day the facts and dates seem secondary matters, and instead we have a deep inquiry into reasons for actions performed by people dead a thousand years before the historian lived.

Each plan has its disadvantages.

Still, in the midst of introspection—introspection, I mean, of the historian's own soul—sometimes there comes a weariness and a longing for less fustian and more facts.

Of all the historians, after the Greeks, perhaps the direcetest and most simple-minded were those who chronicled the exploits of the discoverers of America. It may be that as some of them, like Xenophon, treated of what they had seen and done themselves, it seemed invidious to them to do more than set down what they saw. In their bald narratives, in which one sees the pen was not the instrument they had most used, sometimes there are curious little bits of self-revealment worth preservation. In all their writings, writing as they did of what the world had never seen, and what they took good care for the most part the world should never see again, are many curious details. One of the most original and most forgotten writers was Hulderico Schmidel, the first historian of Buenos Ayres and of Paraguay. Like Bernal Diaz in Mexico, Hulderico was both an historian and a soldier; faith they both had, befitting "Cristianos Rancios" in those days, but not the faith removing common sense and mountains.

Had any one appeared with a story of Santiago on his well-known milk-white charger rallying the Spanish arms, I think that Hulderico would have answered as Bernal Diaz did on a similar occasion in Mexico: "It may be so, but to me, sinner that I was, was vouchsafed nothing but the sight of Francisco Morla on his old grey horse." Probably both of them would have allowed the apparition of a saint in a battle or otherwise as a thing probable, but their credulity went no farther than it was obligatory to go. In the narratives of both, inches and feet, hundreds and thousands, get jumbled up together now and then, as they do in even more important scriptures. Both of them relate stories of wondrous animals and strange adventures, and of enchanted cities, but neither speak of having seen them; both were good

soldiers and criticised their generals freely. But here the likeness stops; for Hulderico had not the touch with the pen, no matter how he used the sword, of the historian of Montezuma and the good horse Motilla.

To understand the conquest of the Indies, it is first necessary to understand the condition of Spain at their discovery. It is my belief (and to have a belief even in Obi worship gives one a moral status) that no two countries are more calculated not to understand each other than Spain and England. Rarely have northern people comprehended the two curious poles of Spanish character. On the one side chivalry carried to excess, and on the other a sordid grasping after money carried to the extent of childishness. In England it is said Cervantes sneered Spain's chivalry away. If there was ever any chivalry in the northern sense in Spain is doubtful. Knights there were, no doubt (when the kings did not forget to make them), riding on their half-starved horses, dressed in rusty armor, when they could get it. Perhaps occasionally there were tournaments, but there was never wealth enough in Spain for Milan armor and for gorgeous pageantry. The descriptions chroniclers have left us of the Spaniards of their day are strangely different from those of knights in France and England at the same epoch. If Hernan Perez del Pulgar ("he of the adventures") rode into Granada during the siege by Ferdinand and Isabella, and fixed a consecrated taper to the mosque door, the more usual type of the Spanish knight is that of the fierce partisan Alvar Fañez, whom the Moorish chroniclers never refer to without the devout ejaculation, "May God destroy him!" Even the Spaniards' relations with the Moors, in early times at least, have been but little comprehended. Froissart relates the horror of the French and English knights who accompanied the Black Prince to Spain at the easy terms on which the Spaniards lived with the Jews and Moors. Before the conquest of Granada, and the intolerance which unity and peace

so often bring, the Spaniards seem to have in the main considered the Moors as but unquiet neighbors with whom it was expedient to take refuge in times of trouble in their own country. The poems of the Spanish Chaucer the Archpriest of Hita, teem with friendly references to Moors. The Jews, no doubt, were a useful sort of bankers, with whom a Christian gentleman could cash a cheque without the tedious formality of opening an account.

Before the discovery of America, life had been rather circumscribed to the average Spaniard. He had a country split into little principalities, ruled over by kings like Arab sheikhs.

In the towns there was the Jew, upon the frontier the Moor; a Gothic church in every little wall-girt town, wolves in the sierras, pirates on the coast, and hunger everywhere. The hunger has remained until to-day the national disease. Then comes along a threadbare map-maker from Genoa, and all is changed. Spain from a divided country of petty states became an empire at the conquest of Granada. The discovery of America completed her greatness and her ruin. The conquest of Granada gave the Spaniards leisure to persecute; the discovery of America drained Spain of population. It was the struggle of centuries with the Moors that formed the conquerors of Americá. Most part of Germany and Flanders being under Spanish rule, the adventurers from those countries who flocked to the Spanish fleets all took their tone from the metropolis—some being even more Spanish than the Spaniards.

Hulderico Schmidel was a Fleming or a German, and that is all we know of his nationality, except that he sailed from Antwerp, and on his return retired to Strasburg. His work originally was in German, but a Spanish translation exists, from which I take these notes. He seems to have constituted himself historian of the expedition, on the principle of the Spanish proverb, "A falta de buenos, mi marido alcalde."

"In the year 1534 I sailed from Antwerp for Spain. In fourteen days I arrived at Cadiz, having sailed four

hundred and eighty leagues. On the way I saw a whale of thirty-five paces long. In Cadiz there was a fleet just sailing to the river Plate, under Don Pedro de Mendoza."

Many of his Spanish names are twisted in the most marvellous fashion, and when he uses names of places and things in Guarani they become (to me at least) inextricable. Sometimes the translator seems to have been puzzled with a phrase, and leaves it in German, spelling it phonetically like Spanish. He seems to have been an honest, simple-minded man, whose greatest care was to keep his arms, especially his arquebuse, in order, for he mentions with pride that his accoutrements were always bright, and that "mi arcabuz siempre relucia como las estrellas." The general, Pedro de Mendoza, a gentleman of Guadix, was secretary to the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

In 1511 Juan Diaz de Solis, seeking for a passage to the Moluccas, had entered the estuary of the river Plate, given it the name, and, landing on the island of Martin Garcia, had been killed by the Chaná or Charrua Indians. Some fourteen years before the expedition of Mendoza, Sebastian Cabot had sailed some distance up the Paraná, and built the fort of Espíritu Santo on the Caracafá, close to where now stands the city of Rosario de Santa Fé. Mendoza was a courtier, and the last man in the world to command an expedition of the kind. He undertook to pay the expenses of the expedition and to found a city on the condition he was made *adelantado* (governor) and had certain privileges. With him went twenty-five hundred Spaniards and one hundred and fifty Flemings and Germans, amongst whom was Hulderico Schmidel. Also in the fleet were seventy-two horses and mares, from which have sprung the countless herds of horses on the river Plate. From Cadiz the *armada* (fleet) sailed to the Canaries, thence to the Cape de Verdes, and thence "to a certain island" called Rio de Janeiro.

In this "island" the first ill-luck happened to the expedition. "There

our general, being ill and very weak, named as his lieutenant one Juan de Osorio; but shortly after, suspecting his faith, commanded four of his friends to kill him, which they did, sewing him up" (*cosiendole a puñaladas*) "with dagger thrusts." Hulderico, who though a good soldier was free with his comments on his officers, remarks, "This did not please us all, as Osorio was brave and prudent, and beloved of all the soldiers." To be loved of the soldiers was the highest praise that Hulderico had to give to any one; and, as his history shows, to receive their love an officer had not to look too closely at what his soldiers did.

From Rio de Janeiro the fleet sailed to the river Plate, and "entering the estuary we came on a town of almost three thousand Indians, called Querandis. There we built a town, and called it Buenos Ayres on account of the wholesome airs which there prevail." A curious little town it must have been (to judge by the woodcut in the first edition of the work), built of wood and mud, and with little turrets at every angle, a sort of Transatlantic Nuremberg, at least as imagined by the designer of the woodcuts.

"These Indians" (the Querandis) "brought fish and meat to the town for fourteen days and because they missed a day, the general sent out an armed force, commanded by his brother, composed of three hundred foot and thirty horse; amongst the latter I went myself." From the very first the blessings of civilization seem to have been made apparent to the wretched Indians. One wonders, had an armed expedition of Indians landed in Spain or England, if the inhabitants would have brought them provisions, without payment, for fourteen days.

"We found the Indians encamped to the number of four thousand, and having attacked them, they killed the brother of the general, Don Diego de Mendoza, and twenty soldiers. Their arms are tridents pointed with flints, arrows, and bows, and three balls of stone tied together with a string; with

these they caught and brought the horses to the ground."

This is, I think, the first mention of the *bola*, a weapon which has played so great a part in the life of the river Plate, and with which the Gauchos caught our soldiers in the ill-fated expedition to Buenos Ayres under General Whitelocke. Provisions seem now to have begun to fail, for "our general commanded to give out to each one three ounces of flour a day, and each third day a fish, and he who wanted any more to get it for himself." In spite of the ration of fish and bread, hunger increased so that many of the soldiers died. The Indians, too, besieged the new-built city, and almost burnt it by shooting arrows with burning straw tied to them.

The general, after having despatched Juan de Ayolas on an expedition up the Paraná, and after leaving a garrison in Buenos Ayres "provisioned for a year at reason" (*a razon de*) "of a pound of bread a day, and if they wanted more to look for it," embarks for Spain, and, after having spent more than four thousand ducats and seen the expedition reduced to five hundred and sixty men, dies on the voyage.

Hulderico says little or nothing about the country, nor does he tell us what the Pampas appeared like, solitary, without the horses and the cattle, peopled only by the wandering Indians, the deer, and ostriches. Nor does he, like the author of the almost contemporary poem of the "Argentina," embellish his recital with the story of the ill-fated love of the Indian chief Siripó for the wife of the Spanish captain Hurtado, nor yet with the story of Maldonado and the lion, which in the "Argentina" is depicted so movingly that a modern naturalist from Buenos Ayres almost believes it.

Juan de Ayolas ascended the Paraguay and founded the city of Assumption. There Hulderico meets the "Carlós," who eat the root (*padades*) which tastes like apples, and who have fish, pigs, ostriches, and Indian sheep as big as mules (perhaps the tapir), goats, chickens, and rabbits. These

Indians are short and fat, and harder workers than the rest. Their city is called Lamperé and is well fortified. "Now these Cariós would not keep quiet (no quisieran aquetarse), for they had not experienced our swords or arquebuses; so we drew near and fired an artillery upon them, and they, seeing the wounds and holes in all their bodies fled, leaving three hundred dead."

So far so good; the most usual and expeditious way to make an Indian keep quiet has always been with swords and arquebuses. Nothing so readily convinces him of European superiority. "We then attacked the town, and the Indians, fearing for their wives and children, asked for pardon" (it was unpardonable in them not to have divined swords and arquebuses), "offering to do our bidding. Admitted to peace, they regaled" (regalaron) "our captain, Ayolas, with seven Indian girls, the oldest of eighteen years. To the soldiers they gave two girls apiece, with food and other things" (not specified), "and in this manner we made friends, and founded the city of Assumption, in the year of God one thousand five hundred and thirty-nine."

The method of making friends seems to have been of the roughest, but not more so than in Matabeleland to-day, though our arquebuses are an improvement on those of Hulderico's time.

"The Carió Indians make a wine of algarroba" (called by the Germans "Joannebrot" or "Bockorulein"); "their city is on the river which flows into the Parabol" (Hulderico always calls the Paraguay the Parabol), "and is called Fuechkamyn."

The unfortunate translator, in a foot note, says: "It is not easy to find out this place or to make plain the error of its name;" and, indeed, there is a most puzzling air of Thuringia about the spelling. After having made friends with the Cariós, his captain sent Hulderico to Santa Catalina, in Brazil, and on their return they were wrecked in the river Plate, and all lost "except myself and five others, who swam to

shore holding to the mast. We reached shore naked and without food, and had to walk eighty leagues to the town of San Gabriel, by which the grace and care of God was abundantly made manifest." The grace is, of course, a matter for theologians, but the care is not so manifest to ordinary mortals as it seems to have been to the writer of the narrative.

"Things being thus" (begins the next chapter after the narration of the shipwreck), "Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca arrived from Spain with four hundred men and thirty horses." He landed in Santa Catalina and marched overland to Assumption, in Paraguay, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, with the loss of only a single soldier.

Of all the conquerors of the Indies Alvar Nuñez was perhaps the most remarkable. Born of a great family, he had distinguished himself in Mexico, and already undergone ten years' captivity in Florida. Alone of all the conquerors he treated the Indians with strict justice, so that, as Hulderico says, "did but an Indian wench squeal, the soldier had to suffer for it."

Ayolas, the lieutenant appointed by Don Pedro de Mendoza, being dead, the soldiers had elected Dominguez Martinez de Irala to succeed him. Irala was a Biscayan, a man of low origin but of considerable character; he eventually became governor of Paraguay, and had already commenced the series of intrigues by which he succeeded in disgracing Alvar Nuñez, and in sending him a prisoner to Spain. For the present the pleasant days of pillage and Indian wenches' squealing disregarded were over for Hulderico, for "our new general treated the soldiers harshly, and forced us to pay for all we took." Was ever such injustice heard of? Men had not left their countries to pay for things as if they were in a shop in Antwerp.

Alvar Nuñez started shortly on an expedition to reach Peru by land. This was the dream of all the explorers of the river Plate as soon as they discovered there were no precious metals in that country, and in such an attempt

Ayolas, the lieutenant appointed by Mendoza, died. After sailing up the river "we came to the country of the Lasacusis, who go naked and painted in blue patterns (especially the women), and with such art that even in Germany I doubt that any of our best limners could exceed the fineness of their designs. They wear a chrystral through their lower lips, and are not handsome." Here I can add my testimony to Hulderico's, for a Chaco Indian with a hole in his lower lip and a piece of crystal in it, saliva exuding through the hole, is not a pleasant sight. "After asking for peace" (this seems apocryphal), "we fell on them and killed many of the men, and captured many of the women, who were of great value to us."

In what their value consisted Hulderico does not reveal; but a terrible disillusion was soon to come upon him, "for the cacique came to the General Alvar Nuñez, and promised to obey the king if the women were returned. The general consented to this, considering that the Indians were subjects of the king." So that "the women of value" were lost to the soldiers, "at which they murmured." This is one of the many instances, both in Hulderico's narrative and Alvar Nuñez' own memoirs, in which he seems to have incurred great odium by protecting the Indians.

In the battle, "so numerous were the infidels that many of our men were massacred." But "the multitude of dogs is the undoing of the hare," observes the writer. "Massacred" is the same euphemism in use to-day in Africa, where the French or English troops merely "kill" Arabs or negroes, but when fortune goes the other way are always "massacred." So Hulderico goes on doing his duty and slaying Indians, keeping always his arquebuse "in order and fit for service," and noting down with little prolixity all that he thought worth noticing, even to the dimensions of a crocodile. The study of natural history always presented a fine field for the early discoverers of America. Certainly it had difficulties unknown to-day, notably in the fact

that in those days there were more animals to study. Thus we learn that the "carbuncle is a little animal which has a mirror in its forehead which shines like fire." Also that the only safe way to kill a crocodile is to hold a looking-glass before your face, for if its eyes meet yours you certainly turn mad. "This, though, cannot be true, for I have killed above three thousand of them, and never had a looking-glass in my possession during all my pilgrimages in the Indies." There is a butterfly, also, which turns first to a worm and then into a rat, and which destroys the crops; it feeds on human flesh, and is discriminating, too, as to the kind of man it feeds on, for "Mas le sabe carne de un Pagano que no de Español ó Castellano."¹

This was fortunate, as the number of Spaniards was relatively small. It should be observed, though, that Hulderico never says he saw these wonders, but only relates them as having been told by others. Many of his observations on the Indian tribes leave little to be desired for terseness, though they are not exactly descriptive, as when he says, "the Sebenes, these Indians have moustaches." One is glad to hear this, though I believe it to have been a mistake. "The Ackerés have larger stomachs than other Indians, and are swift of foot." Largeness of stomach is not invariably accompanied by fleetness of foot, but the power of observation involved does great credit to the narrator.

So he chronicles his adventures, sometimes "marching for days in water to the knees," sometimes "marching for days without a drop of water, so that even the most avaricious amongst us came to think of water as of more account than gold." At last, "having marched and sailed more than three hundred leagues, according to the calculations of those who understood the stars," the expedition came to the Lake of the Xarayes, and saw "la casa

¹ La Argentina (canto iii.), contemporary poem descriptive of conquest of river Plate, by Barco de la Centenera.

del gran Moxo." This palace was "built of stones four-square, with many flanking towers, and as fair in its proportions as any castle of Spain or Flanders." This is the only instance where Hulderico's enthusiasm seems to have got the better of his judgment, for no such building of stone with towers was ever found east of the Andes. Here the expedition turned, on account of the illness of the general. The description he gives of the intrigues of Irala and final banishment of Alvar Nuñez is very biased, as befits a soldier writing of a general who was particular about "Indian wenches," trifles into which no self-respecting conqueror should have looked too closely.

Hulderico returned to Assumption, and tells us no more of himself, of Alvar Nuñez, the "carbuncle," "the Indians with moustaches," or anything of note, till at last "one day I was on guard over the well, for there was scarcity of water and the people had to drink by turns, when a letter was brought to me saying my brother was dead, and that my family prayed for my return; the letter had come in fourteen months from Cadiz." He does not seem to have considered the time excessive, but without words "I dressed myself in my best clothes, and putting on a fine red mantle I went to the general, and laying my services before him, asked for permission to return." This was granted with many flattering phrases and a letter for the king. The general said that "I had been a faithful soldier, not anxious to slay, but always performing orders and keeping my arms and armor in good condition." "Not anxious to slay, but always performing orders," seems to reveal that "orders" had been often peremptory.

In six months, and after dangers not a few, he reached a point in Brazil, "llamado San Gabriel asf de Cristianos como Ingleses."¹ Here he took ship for Lisbon, and arrived "with all my luggage and many parrots" after a voyage of five months. In Cadiz "I engaged a

passage in the Henrique Lebertzen for Antwerp." The parrots and the luggage went in another ship, and a great tempest having arisen, the ship went down, so that "I arrived in Antwerp as poor as when I left." "Still" ("still" seems ambiguous), "after twenty years it pleased Providence that I should arrive at the port from which I sailed, but what miseries and hungers, perils and journeyings I passed in my sojourn in the Indies is only known to God himself, to whom all praise, etc. Amen." So far Hulderico, but in a note he informs us he retired to "Estrasburgo." Perhaps when there he sometimes doubted whether Providence had really been so kind in bringing him back home. Perhaps he wandered up and down the streets seeking for sun and finding none. Perchance (like others who have known the Indies) the recollection of the adventurous life came back at times, and turned the *Leberwurst* and *Sauerkraut* to Dead Sea fruit. Perhaps he heard the parrots scream through the woods of Paraguay, saw the Paraná, with its thousand islands almost awash, thicketed with seibos and lapachos with their yellow and purple flowers, smelt the sweet espinillo blossom in his nostrils, and hated Estrasburgo. Seated in a trim Dutch garden with cut box hedges and clean brick walks, dozing in some arbor over his pipe of right Varinas, perhaps he wished he had remained in Paraguay to fall by an Indian arrow like a *conquistador*, and that some other soldier had received the order to write commentaries.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

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OUR EARLY FEMALE NOVELISTS.

In the history of English story-telling an altogether notable place is occupied by Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." They are remarkable not only as masterpieces of narrative, but as containing both description of incidents and delineation of manners; not only as

¹ The Englishman is still a doubtful Christian to the Latin races, and they, I suppose, are pagans to the Englishman.

triumphs of literary expression, but as giving artistic form both to the romance of chivalry and to the tale of common life. Wholly wonderful it is that at so early a period such directness of movement and perfection of style, such vividness of portraiture and realism of incident, are found in verse, while centuries pass before similar excellences are found in prose. It is, indeed, peculiarly interesting to contrast Chaucer's practice with the subsequent course of English fiction. He sets his wits against the absurdities of the popular metrical romance, and jingles gaily along in the *Rime of Sir Thopas* till Harry Bailey, whose "eeresaken with the drasty speche," pulls him up with an impatient "no more of this for Godes dignitee," but the merry ridicule glanced harmlessly from the garrulous tellers of long-winded stories, who continued to delight many generations of auditors; the seventeenth century loved such romances as Boyle's "Parthenissa," and patient readers traced to the abrupt close its devious wandering in the regions of interminable talk and episode. When Chaucer abandoned his burlesque and took up the heavy tale of Melibeus, he inflicted on his audience a sample of that allegorical didacticism which long clung like a burr to the skirts of prose fiction; throughout mediaeval times the allegory followed hard after the story-teller and compelled him to moralize. In view, however, of the early course of English fiction, the most interesting feature in the "Canterbury Tales" is their intense realism, their free transcription of the actual life of ordinary folk. They abound in that unconventional treatment of man which Thackeray praised in Fielding and desiderated in the modern novel, and illustrate to the full Carlyle's words, "the poet, we imagine, can never have far to seek for a subject; the elements of his art are in him and around him on every hand." But the prose story-tellers were slow to take the lesson to themselves; till the seventeenth century they made only sporadic and short-lived visits to the firm mainland of nature; they preferred to dwell

on the floating islands of legend and romance. In the seventeenth century, however, writers seem to have become fully alive to the interest peculiar to real life, and there appear faint foreshadowings of the modern novel.

The Duchess of Newcastle has some claim to honorable mention for her "CCXI. Sociable Letters" (1664). This lady, whom, in her own delightful language, "it pleased God to command His servant Nature to endue with a poetical and philosophical genius," was genius enough to see that letters to be readable need not be authentic, and so to secure the credit of being the first to employ a device that since her time has played a large part in prose fiction. She may be allowed, therefore, to introduce the women novelists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; she herself would doubtless lay some stress on her tales in prose as giving her a title to rank among the very earliest novel-writers, but the *Illustrissima Heroina* (to quote one of the many flattering titles bestowed on her) is not at her best in such performances as "The Converts in Marriage." A much more important figure in the beginnings of the English novel is Mrs. Aphra Behn (1640-1689), whose personal history is quite as interesting as any of her stories. Her father, a Mr. Johnson, had influence enough to get himself appointed lieutenant-general of Surinam, and he set sail for the New World, taking his wife and children with him. Mr. Johnson did not live to see the regions he had been sent to rule, but his wife and children spent some years in the beautiful and romantic scenery of Surinam, and there Aphra found the materials of her best novel, "Oroonoko." The time had not yet come when description of nature was a recognized feature in a story, but "Oroonoko" contains one or two passages where an attempt is made to reveal to the people of England the beauties of Surinam. These passages have been praised for their "careless and picturesque power," but possibly the second epithet is less deserved than the first. Moreover, one is bound to say that Mrs. Behn's imagi-

nation is apt to enter into the record of her experiences. When after her return to England she had the honor of telling her adventures to Charles II., she included among the fauna of South America snakes of terrific dimensions, but a certain license has always been accorded to the retailers of snake stories. Her most extraordinary traveller's tale is her account of what she saw on her voyage from Antwerp to England. How many among those that go down to the sea in ships have seen floating on the waves "a four-square floor of various colored marble, from which ascended rows of fluted and twisted pillars, embossed round with climbing vines and flowers, and waving streamers, that received an easy motion in the air; upon the pillars a hundred little Cupids clambered with fluttering wings!" Little wonder, surely, that following the disappearance of this strange pageant came a violent storm, and Aphra and her companions suffered shipwreck. There is room for doubting whether Mrs. Behn put into any of her stories as much imagination as adorns the annals of her adventures. For her peculiar claim to attention is that at a time when the heroic romance was in fashion, she went for her characters and incidents to real life. When she appeared in London after her sojourn in Surinam, her good looks, her ready wit, and her lively conversation carried society by storm. She is described as "a handsome dark girl, with a clear forehead, fine eyes, a full and merry mouth, an animated though voluptuous countenance, and a quick and ready tongue." The merry monarch himself was charmed with the vivacious Astraea, and asked her to give to the world the moving narrative of the slave prince "Oroonoko." This is her best novel, and is in fact a striking book. Its sympathetic story of the high-souled African treacherously lured to the ignominy of slavery, of the sad fate of his faithful Imoinda, and of his own most cruel death, was possibly more rousing than even "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and its power to touch the heart was greatly increased when Southerne

dramatized and presented to the eyes of excited audiences the horrors of slavery. When Mrs. Behn's shortcomings are remembered against her, "Oroonoko" should be put to her credit; it is instinct with real feeling and womanly sympathy. "If," says Miss Kavanagh, "if she erred grievously, if she offended delicacy and morality itself by pictures not merely coarse but corrupting, it must never be forgotten that in this sense of the heroic, of all that is noble and manly, she was truly great; whether she invented or merely appreciated 'Oroonoko,' her merit is none the less." In London the lively Astraea was besieged with suitors, but though her "Letters to a Gentleman" show that when her feelings were really moved she was quite reckless, she was as a rule well able to take care of herself; and she fixed on the oldest, Mr. Behn, a rich London merchant of Dutch origin, who presently died and left her to widowhood and competence. In 1666 Aphra was sent by the king to Holland to watch the movements of the Dutch, and making Antwerp her headquarters she set to work with considerable skill. Among her Dutch admirers was a Van der Albert, a man of position and importance, out of whom she wormed that De Witt and De Ruyter were planning an attack on the English shipping in the Thames. This vital news was at once sent to England only to be ridiculed, and Mrs. Behn, disgusted at the stupidity of the English ministers, turned from politics to domestic intrigue. Her handling of her Dutch lovers, Van der Albert and Van Bruin, is full of the boisterous, broad fun that riots in her best comedies, though it is conspicuously absent from her novels. They prefer the tragic and the sentimental, though it should be noted that "The Adventures of the Black Lady" has a distinctly comical ending. At Antwerp Mrs. Behn got the groundwork of her second best novel, "The Fair Jilt," the history of a depraved and heartless coquette. Her disfame as a dramatist has been handed down in Pope's well-known line:—

The stage how loosely does Astraea tread, and no defence can be offered for the gratuitous indecency of her plays; she certainly did her best to add to the iridescent filth of the Restoration drama. But her novels are not to be put on the same black list; they are indelicate and coarse, it is true, but not to an extent that outraged contemporary taste. While the plays treat of mere animal passion, the novels teach that women do not deserve to prosper when they are false to true love. In addition to their realism, these novels possess the merit of lively narrative, and make some attempt to portray distinct characters and to analyze emotion.

As has already been suggested, there was realism before the day of "Oroonoko;" very striking examples indeed are found in some of the Elizabethan writers; it did not become a fashion, but showed itself only intermittently and tentatively. On the other hand, its appearance in Mrs. Behn's stories marked the beginning of a reign that lasted far into the eighteenth century; by that time the inevitable reaction had set in, and the swing of the literary pendulum revived romanticism and gave birth to the School of Terror. A writer that floated high on the rising tide of realism, and in her lifetime achieved both notoriety and reputation, was Mrs. Delarivière Manley. Her importance in her own world is attested by the frequent occurrence of her name in contemporary literature and the notice taken of her by men of letters. For her tragedy of "Lucius," Prior wrote the epilogue; in Pope's charming burlesque, when the baron carries off "the sacred hair," he assigns to himself an immortality equal to that of Mrs. Manley's famous budget of scandal.

As long as "Atalantis" shall be read,

So long my honor, name, and praise shall live.

In Swift's "Journal to Stella" there are noticeably frequent references to Mrs. Manley — not always compli-

mentary, for he thinks ill both of her spelling and of her personal appearance. Under date January 26, 1711—12, he writes: "Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention. She is about forty, very homely, and very fat." An earlier passage in the "Journal" testifies to her readiness of pen: "I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the particulars of Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself so I sent my hints to the author of 'Atalantis,' and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet in her own style." Of this once well-known writer there is little good to say; her life was vicious, and so are her books. Finding people eager to read what was true, or might be true, she fed "the better vulgar" with a succession of scandalous memoirs and very indecent stories. Her "Atalantis" (1709), a grossly immoral book, which satirized with merciless freedom many of the best-known personages of the day, had a great vogue, its prurient gossip attracting readers with a taste for literary carrion. It brought the author within reach of the law; but the legal proceedings failed of their intent, both retrospective and prospective, and Mrs. Manley continued to make highly seasoned revelations about herself and about other people. Among her revelations is her opinion of her personal appearance. Speaking of herself under the fictitious name of "Rivella," she says: "Till she grew fat there was not, I believe, any defect to be found in her body; her lips admirably colored, her teeth small and even; a breath always sweet; her complexion fair and fresh. . . . Her hands and arms have been publicly celebrated; it is certain that I never saw any so well turned; her neck and breasts have an established reputation for beauty and color; her feet small and pretty." One must, in fairness, recall this also as often as

one recalls Swift's description of "Rivella" as "very homely and very fat." Her "Power of Love, in Seven Novels," may be regarded as an attempt at fictitious narrative divorced from satire; it cannot be regarded as in any way redeeming her reputation, for Mrs. Manley's ideal of love is essentially coarse and sensual. Yet with all her imperfections on her head, Mrs. Manley may not be lightly passed by in a review of what women have done to develop the novel. She emphasized the interest attaching to fictitious narrative based on veritable experience, and she showed how deadly is satire lurking in fiction like a snake in the grass.

Another conspicuous figure among the women writers of these early days is Eliza Haywood, who has been exposed to the ridicule of all time by being offered in the "Dunciad" as the less disgraceful prize in a certain Rabelaisian contest.

See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her
waist;
Fair as before her works she stands con-
fessed,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirk-
all dressed.

She has been called "perhaps the most voluminous female writer this kingdom ever produced," but it cannot be said that she used her pen to any good purpose. One need not accept in its entirety the accusation that she is one of "those shameless scribblers who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame or disturbance of private happiness," but it must be confessed that she claims the contemporary privilege of calling a spade a spade. Withal, Mrs. Haywood's "Betsy Thoughtless" (1751) is a book that throws valuable light on the manners of its age. Like Madame D'Arblay's "Evelina," parts of which it has been supposed to have suggested, "Betsy Thoughtless" is rich in illustration of life in the eighteenth century, and from the standpoint of the

closing years of the nineteenth century one views with amazement the conduct of the men and women of a hundred years ago. Pope declared that

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen,

and cynics would fain assert that we of this generation have simply disguised the monster, who is as lusty as he was in Mrs. Haywood's time; but even cynics will not assert that women are now subject to the contemptuous treatment of those shameless days. Directly and indirectly the literature of the last century treats woman as an inferior creature made for man's pleasure. When Milton makes Eve say to Adam:—

O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy
flesh,
And without whom am to no end,

he enunciates a doctrine that long governed and perverted the sexual relation. Addison habitually treats woman as a somewhat troublesome domestic pet, while the realistic novels of the last century represent her as the temporary object of insulting pursuit. There is an unconscious admission of this purely physical estimate of women in a sentence in Miss Fielding's "David Simple": "[David Simple's] mother was a downright country-woman, who originally got her living by plain work; but, being handsome, was liked by Mr. Simple;" and it is noteworthy that the earliest woman novelists did very little to maintain the honor of their sex. Not till we come to the novels of Charlotte Smith (died 1806) do we find a deliberate attempt to represent woman as demanding attention by intellectual and moral qualities.

"Betsy Thoughtless" was written towards the close of Mrs. Haywood's life, and before it appeared the reading public was in possession of Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe," of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones," and of Smollett's "Roderick Random;" that is to say, it

was not published till the modern novel was fully developed. Her early novels have little merit, and are inferior in importance to Miss Fielding's "David Simple," which was issued in 1744, and, on historical grounds, must be regarded as an important book in the history of the novel. Richardson said of it: "What a knowledge of the human heart! Well might a critical judge of writing say, as he did to me, that your late brother's knowledge of it was not (fine writer as he was) comparable to yours. His was but as the knowledge of the outside of a clockwork machine, while yours was that of all the finer springs and movements of the inside." This is a judgment considerably overstrained; but, as a matter of fact, "David Simple" shows notable power of mental analysis, and an effective command of satire. Read, for example, this of a girl that has sacrificed liking to vanity: "For now, that she thought him irretrievable, she fancied in him she had lost everything valuable; and though that very day all her grief had been how to get rid of him, yet, now he was gone, she would have sacrificed (for the present) even her darling vanity if she could have brought him back again;" and this of a man, old and ugly, who wished to marry: "He was not afraid of being refused, for he had money enough to have bought a woman of much higher rank." And there is a strong note in the words, "David Simple was convinced that no circumstances of time, place, or station made a man either good or bad, but the disposition of his own mind." Unfortunately, the book is a total failure in point of construction. The author had the ability to produce a book strong in characterization, but the influence of the picaresque school of romance, the school of Gil Blas, led her to introduce a series of incidents which fail to interest the reader.

Satire found another employment in the hands of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, who in "The Female Quixote" (1752), turned it with strong effect against the extravagance of the Scuderi romance.

A special interest attaches to this book from the fact that the great Cham of literature himself is supposed to have written the last chapter, where the heroine is reclaimed from the dominion of absurdity. Mrs. Lennox was indeed a high favorite with Dr. Johnson, who has recorded that he "dined at Mrs. Garrick's with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney; three such women are not to be found. I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all." This is praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, but the recipient seems to have deserved the esteem in which she was held by her contemporaries. She was an industrious and in some directions a meritorious writer, whose work enlisted the sympathy of others besides Johnson. Goldsmith wrote an epilogue for her comedy "The Sister," and the Earl of Orrery contributed to her version of Brunnoy's "Greek Theatre." An interesting incident in her life is the banquet given by the Ivy Club in honor of the publication of her "Memoirs of Harriet Stuart." She and her husband were present at the feast, which lasted all night, and included among its attractions a large apple-pie presented by Dr. Johnson!

Posterity, however, has practically ceased to remember Mrs. Lennox, while it remembers with some distinctness one of the ladies whom Dr. Johnson ranks as her inferiors. Miss Burney, or Madame D'Arblay, retains a place in literature partly by her novels, partly by her exceedingly interesting diary. Nor must it be forgotten that, although "Evelina" appeared so long ago as 1778, there are many people still living who were young men and women when she died. She has been praised by Macaulay for describing real life "with broad comic humor," yet in language that is never "inconsistent with rigid morality or even with virgin delicacy," and it is true that "Evelina" possesses unique interest as a description of contemporary manners and is free from unnecessary coarseness; it is also true that the author has a keen eye

for the ridiculous and a considerable gift of satire. Nevertheless Madame D'Arblay is not entitled to any high place as a novelist; her constructive skill is small, and her characters are for the most part what Jonson would have called "humorists," that is, they are the incarnation of qualities rather than flesh and blood individuals. Moreover, the author herself is a "humorist," her ruling passion is a morbid craving to be "genteel;" she has no mercy for vulgarity or the vulgar, but she fails to see that her own worship of society conventions is itself vulgar. And hence one may doubt the propriety of assigning to her "broad comic humor;" she was too much of a prig to be possessed of humor, which implicates geniality. Still Madame D'Arblay claims respect on the specific ground that she did much to purify an important form of literature, while she has a certain additional claim to remembrance from her connection with Dr. Johnson. Did not Dr. Johnson kiss her, and has she not recorded, "To be sure I was a little surprised, having no idea of such facetiousness from him"?

A more likable personality than the demure Miss Burney is Mrs. Charlotte Smith, a woman on whom had descended many graces of body and of mind, but whom Fate refused any measure of happiness. Married at the age of fourteen to a man of mean and contemptible character, she found herself condemned to an existence of gloom and drudgery. After her father-in-law died, her husband quickly squandered a large inheritance, and found himself in a debtors' prison, where his wife attended him. From this time onwards Mrs. Smith's lot was to struggle to support herself and her family by hard and unremitting literary labor. Very little has lived of her many and varied productions, and yet she does not deserve to have been so completely forgotten. Mention has already been made of her honorable attempt to raise the estimation of her sex by declining to make the interest of her heroines depend on purely

physical attractions, and some credit is also due to her for having been one of the very first writers to employ description to heighten the power of the novel. She seems to have been peculiarly susceptible to the influences of nature, and her writings contain many descriptive passages. The best of her novels is "The Old Manor House" (1793), which may still be read with pleasure; in it her somewhat moderate powers of construction and of character-drawing appear to most advantage, and have produced a really interesting story. She also wrote verses, whose prevailing tone is a gentle melancholy; in lines like these one hears a sigh for the careless joy of her childish years:—

Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colors fade away.
Another May new buds and flowers will
bring,
Ah! why has happiness no second spring?

Like the present generation, eighteenth-century readers were allured to the consideration of grave questions by means of the problem novel, for the era of the French Revolution was a time when the air was full of problems and when quite a vigorous crop of purpose novels sprang up. Among the writers affected by the demand for a return to pure, unsophisticated nature was the beautiful and daring Mrs. Inchbald. At an early age she was seized with a strong passion for the stage, and twice, while still in her teens, she ran away from home and went to London to see whether Fortune would do for her what application to stage-managers had failed to do. A sufficiently dangerous step this on the part of a young woman who is described as "tall and slender, with hair of a golden auburn, and lovely hazel eyes, perfect features, and an enchanting countenance." In her nineteenth year she married, her husband being an actor, and she herself now appeared on the boards. She does not seem to have been a very successful actress, but she was able to make considerable

sums by her pen; she was exceedingly well paid for her plays, and very well paid for her two novels, "A Simple Story," and "Nature and Art." In spite of grave defects, for which the imperfect education of the author is so far responsible, these two stories are eminently readable. As has been said by critics, "A Simple Story" is really two stories, and the double plot is handled with some awkwardness; moreover, there is a tendency to exaggeration in the portraiture, a notable example being the character of Sandford, the priest, whose churlishness is overdrawn to the point of childishness, while much of the writing is very raw. Still, the story holds the reader's attention; the chief figure, Miss Milner, is skilfully handled, and the incidents are well chosen and effectively used. The lesson of the story, for it has a moral writ large on it, is that parents are bound to give the most serious consideration to the training of their children. In "Nature and Art" the moral is of another kind. In it we are invited to despise William, the polished, insincere product of civilization, and to admire his cousin Henry, the natural man, who cannot understand the hollow refinements of an artificial society. The reader has no difficulty in despising William, but it is not so easy to admire Henry, for in her anxiety to do justice to his transparent honesty, Mrs. Inchbald makes the worthy youth ridiculous. But withal "Nature and Art" is an impressive story, and the author's dramatic experience stands her in good stead in the powerful scene where William, now risen to the bench, passes sentence of death on the wretched woman in the dock, whom he fails to recognize as the hapless victim of his own selfish passion. The conclusion of the book is notable; "While I have health and strength," cried the old man, and his son's looks acquiesced in all the father said, "I will not take from any one in affluence what only belongs to the widow, the fatherless, and the infirm; for to such alone by Christian laws—however custom may subvert them—

the overplus of the rich is due.'" Mrs. Inchbald was left a widow when she was only in her twenty-sixth year, and though she was besieged with addresses, honorable and dishonorable, she repulsed them all, and bore herself with prudent wisdom among the distinguished people that gathered round the popular writer. At the same time she seems to have indulged a natural vanity over her good looks, her many conquests, and her noble acquaintances. Her letters tell us that she never gave up the domestic industry that early circumstances had made first necessary and then habitual. "Last Thursday morning," she writes, "I finished scouring my bed-chamber, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at the door to take me an airing."

The time was now come when romanticism, which had had to give way before the tide of realism, was again to assert itself with power. In 1764 Horace Walpole had published his Gothic romance, "The Castle of Otranto," a book that introduced novel readers to a world very different from that in which they had been wandering under the guidance of the great novelists of the eighteenth century, and by and by this new kind of fiction was taken up with much success by two women, Clara Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe. The modern reader is prone to grin broadly at Walpole's elaborate machinery for making the flesh creep, and one may doubt whether there were ever readers that were disturbed by a passage like this: "'Thou art no lawful prince,' said Jerome; 'thou art no prince—go, discuss thy claim with Frederic; and when that is done—' 'It is done,' replied Manfred; 'Frederic accepts Matilda's hand, and is content to waive his claim, unless I have no male issue.' As he spoke these words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alfonso's statue."

The most credulous devourer of romances must have drawn the line at a statue whose nose bled; it is a circumstance almost as ridiculous as the

catastrophe in Lewis's "Monk." In that hysterical romance the demon's flight with the priest is intended to be appalling, but is in fact one of the most laughable things in our literature. However, with all its absurdities, the School of Terror was established, and held its ground till the day of Scott, whose early verse is strongly marked by some of its characteristics. But Walpole's successors and imitators felt he had made too severe a demand on the imagination of readers, and in her preface to "The Old English Baron," Clara Reeve points out some defects in "The Castle of Otranto." "The machinery is so violent that it destroys the effect it is intended to excite. Had the story been kept within the utmost *verge* of probability, the effect had been preserved, without losing the least circumstance that excites or detained attention." Miss Reeve's idea was to cut down the supernatural to an irreducible minimum, which "the gentle reader" might fairly be asked to put up with. But "The Old English Baron" (1777) is not a success in spite of the fact that we are not called upon to stand anything extra mundane beyond what might be inventoried as certain hollow groans, one suit of armor, clanking, and one phantom knight.

The book is much less impressive than the more famous "Mysteries of Udolpho" (1794), by Mrs. Radcliffe, who must be allowed to have achieved excellence in the field of art she chose to cultivate, and this both Miss Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe's imitators failed to do. Every mind is affected—the average mind is very strongly affected—by gloom and expectancy, and of this feeling Mrs. Radcliffe takes skilful advantage. Even ordinary characters, natural incidents and natural scenery, loom large and portentous in the romantic obscurity through which we follow the mysterious windings of the narrative; again and again we seem to strain eye and ear to follow the progress of events, and await the approach of some dread catastrophe. And, it is important to observe, Mrs.

Radcliffe effects all this after parting completely with the supernatural; she is so careful, indeed, to show that terrified suspense may be induced by perfectly natural circumstances that she mars her art and goes far to offend the reader by irritatingly simple explanations of fear-inspiring phenomena. Nevertheless, Mrs. Radcliffe occupies one of the highest positions in the School of Terror, and she has earned her place by genuine merits of composition.

An altogether different interest attaches to the novels of the Sisters Lee, joint authors of a collection of stories called the "Canterbury Tales." Of these stories all save two were written by Harriet Lee, and to her, as the author of "Kruitzner," belongs the credit of having inspired Byron's "Werner." The two sisters deserve to be remembered for the brave way in which they faced the world. Their father had taken to the stage, where he commanded little success, and from him they inherited neither repute nor money; it was to the stage, however, that his daughters were indebted for a secure and honorable provision; the success of Sophia's comedy, "The Chapter of Accidents," enabled the sisters to set up a school at Bath, and in it they won a competence and general respect. The younger sister, Harriet, was the more voluminous writer; her dramatic work is of no value, but several of her tales are marked by strong interest, and must be regarded as an important contribution to the stream of fiction. Her sister demands special mention as the author of "The Recess" (1784), one of the very earliest and, it must be added, very worst of our historical novels.

With the Sisters Lee we enter the nineteenth century, and they may be allowed to end the list of early female novelists. The last of the "Canterbury Tales" appeared in 1805; nine years later a delighted public was reading "Waverley." We have therefore reached the period when the English novel entered on its most flourishing days, and now leave it, content to have

indicated in some measure what women did to illustrate and develop the capabilities of fiction.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN CENTRAL
FRANCE.

BY MABEL PEACOCK.

Among the vestiges of ancient customs which still linger in the most socially advanced States of Europe, there is none more curious than the pagan and semi-pagan observances connected with Christmas throughout the stretch of country which may be called the French Midlands. In this district the *cosse de Nau*, or Christmas log, is still a ponderous piece of timber worthy of typifying the heavenly light whose rays sustain all organic nature, and whose worship was the inspiring motive of the great winter festival before the introduction of Christianity obscured, and finally effaced, the signification of the heathen cult.

This log frequently consists of the entire trunk of a tree, and requires the united strength of many men to place it in the wide-mouthed chimney, where it is to feed the flame of the household hearth till the end of the three days during which the sacred feast is most actively kept up.

According to venerable tradition it should be taken from an oak felled at midnight, and it ought to be placed where it is to be consumed just as the bell rings for the elevation of the Host during the midnight mass on Christmas eve, when it is to be kindled by the head of the family, after receiving a sprinkling of holy water. It is on the two extremities of the Christmas log, says *Laisnel de la Salle*, in his "Croyances et Légendes du Centre de la France," that cakes, fruit, and other gifts are arranged for the children of the house, who have been sent off to bed with the promise that *bon-homme Nau*—our Father Christmas—or *le petit Naulet*, the Christmas child, who figures in German legend as the *Christ-Kind*, will bring them a present while

they sleep. Sometimes, however, the same authority tells us, the smaller branches of the juniper are used as an *arbre de Nau*, or Christmas-tree, being placed near the hearth and hung with gifts. This *arbre de Nau* is evidently not unlike the native English Christmas-bough, which consists of a bunch of evergreens, bound on a frame of hoops, and suspended from the ceiling of the kitchen, or family sitting-room, after being adorned with nuts, apples, the carefully-blown shells of the eggs used in the Christmas pudding, and various presents and ornaments. The remains of the Christmas log in the province of Berry, as was formerly the case in many English counties, are preserved from one year to another. Being placed under the bed of the master of the house, a fragment of the wood is always ready to hand should a thunderstorm gather, when a piece of it thrown into the fire ought to guard the family and its possessions against damage by lightning.

Similarly, in some parts of Germany the Yule log is placed on the hearth on Christmas eve, and if possible kept burning for two or three days. Then a piece of it is laid aside for the purpose of lighting the next year's log, and of guarding the household from harm. Pieces of fir-wood charred, but not quite burnt out in the Christmas fire, are also placed under the family bed in some German villages to avert the dreaded lightning stroke, which appears in this relation to be the type of fire in its evil aspect, in contradistinction from the solar orb, the representative of beneficent light and warmth. The custom of burning a Yule log for three days and nights in each home-stead is almost certainly a survival from the adoration once offered to the sun at the winter solstice. Three centuries after the Christian era sun worship was still maintained in Brittany; and in Normandy, not more than a hundred years ago, the household fire was extinguished on December 24, and the Christmas log was ignited by the aid of a flame procured from the lamp burning in the neighboring church.

This fact affords a curious instance of the probable transference of respect and reverence from the sacred fire of a purely heathen creed to the ecclesiastical lights of Catholicism. When the pagan rites for procuring unsullied fire were forbidden, or fell into desuetude, the ideas to which they owed their origin and development, instead of perishing, continued to exist more or less perfectly, by attaching themselves to usages and ceremonies having no direct association with them.

In the inclement regions of the far North, where the severities of the winter, combined with the isolation of their inhabitants, tended to keep alive the old veneration of the sun, it was not till the tenth century that Christmas took the place of the heathen feast; and even now traces of the divine honor once paid to the sovereign light of the firmament are to be discovered in every country of Europe. In Germany, for instance, the peasants of Chemnitz believed not many years ago, and probably believe to the present day, that if women dance in the sunlight at Candlemas, their flax will thrive that year; while in England, Lincolnshire superstition teaches that when the sun shines through the branches of the apple-trees on Christmas day there will be a heavy crop of fruit in the ensuing season; and that if a miller means to thrive, he must set his mill-stones "to turn with the sun," for to move sunways is a lucky motion, and is recognized as such not only in the British Islands, but throughout Europe and Asia, if not beyond their limits.

Closely connected with the adoration of the great light of heaven, and of the fire of the hearth as representing his power on earth, is the generally prevalent practice of making cakes at Christmas. Among the peasants of Berry, according to Laisnel de la Salle, it is a custom transmitted from generation to generation to give *cornabœux*, that is *bullocks' horns*, which are crescent-shaped cakes, to the poor at Yuletide, in addition to the generous alms always bestowed on them at that season. Whether the shape given to

these cakes bears reference to the ox which is said to have witnessed the Nativity cannot be decided with certainty, but it has been imagined that these offerings, formed of the produce of the field, and baked on the family hearth for the benefit of the needy, are pre-Christian in origin, being primarily sacrifices to the power ruling over cattle and crops, prepared with the intention of securing the welfare of the animals and the corn land. However this may be, an undoubted connection has existed from remote antiquity between the manufacture of crescent-formed cakes resembling a pair of horns, or cakes ornamented with the figure of a bull, ox, or cow, and the devotion shown to the celestial bodies.

On certain farms in central France another kind of loaf or cake is made on Christmas eve, as well as the *cornabœux*, and to this *gâteau* astonishing medicinal virtues are attributed. Like the Good Friday bread of English folk-lore, which never goes mouldy, and is capable of contracting serious disease, it will keep uncorrupted during the year, and if any one should fall ill, or an animal should sicken, a fragment taken from it and given to the sufferer is the best means of effecting a cure.

Such Christmas cakes, endowed with remedial virtues, are known in other parts of France, and even so far away as Sweden there is a Yule cake which is supposed to possess similar virtues. In some of the towns of Berry the bakers make little *galettes* at Christmas in the shape of an infant Jesus, which are known as *naulets*, the popular name of the Christmas Child. Many of the French provinces have their naulets, pains de Noël, or other Christmas cakes, some of them being oblong in form, and framing an infant in sugar, while others are shaped like a lozenge, and others, again, resemble men, women, mounted riders, oxen, horses, or asses.

Similar cakes at the same season are also found in other countries. In Finland they are often formed like some implement of agriculture. In Norway,

Sweden, and Denmark the favorite shape is that of a pig, probably in allusion to Gullinbursti (Gold Bristle), the boar which, in Scandinavian mythology, drew the chariot of Frey, who was the ruler of the year, controller of the sunshine and rain, giver of harvest, and lord of light. It was customary at the mid-winter feast to make vows to some of the gods, especially to Frey. On Yule eve a boar consecrated to him, which is believed to have represented the grain-spirit of Scandinavian mythology, was sacrificed, after being led in procession, while men laid their hands on it and plighted solemn engagements. To the present day ideas apparently connected with this sacrificial animal, and with his prototype Gullinbursti, whose brilliant bristles, which were

Yellow like ripe corn,

could illumine the thickest darkness, are to be traced in the familiar practices of the Teutonic nations. The boar's head is even now a Yuletide dish, to be treated with pomp and ceremonial, and the Danish peasant still shows his adhesion to the traditions inherited from his forefathers by habitually eating roast pork at Christmas; while in many English counties, notably in those formerly overrun and colonized by the Vikings, one of the swine fattened for killing in the winter is, by preference, slaughtered a few days before the great holiday.

The Scandinavian Christmas cake, or loaf, is therefore no common loaf. Often it is specially baked from flour ground from corn of the last sheaf harvested, and is kept on the table throughout the days of Yule.

Frequently it is preserved till sowing-time in spring, when part of it is given to the ploughman and his horses to secure a good harvest. This motive seems also to underlie the vanishing English custom of providing hopper-cakes, served up on a white cloth in the empty hopper, for the workpeople on a farm after the last seed-corn has been given to the ground. And a similar idea appears to explain one of the rural

practices till lately observed across the Irish Channel. In county Leitrim, only a few years ago, "one of the quality" used to make an Easter Monday cake to be given to the people. A churn-dash having been set up in a field, the cake was placed upon it and covered with a white cloth. After this form had been gone through, all the company assembled on the occasion danced till they were tired, and in the end, certain further ceremonies being accomplished, the cake was divided among the persons present.

In the kingdom of Würtemberg, at Christmas, the thin biscuit-like cakes in vogue may possibly have the imprint of a boar on them, but they are of no settled pattern. It is usual to stamp them out with small wooden blocks, resembling butter-stamps, into models of various animals, flowers, national emblems, well-known statesmen, and popular notabilities. Some few of them represent religious subjects, such as the Crucifixion, the head of the Redeemer, or one of the apostles; so that the effigies of the sacred characters of the New Testament may be seen heaped pell-mell together on the same dish with Bismarcks, Moltkes, and lesser celebrities of the *Vaterland*, all of them manufactured of flour, sugar, and lemon-juice, or other simple ingredients. A stamp not unlike those which are employed for printing these cakes, but made of iron instead of wood, was used in Yorkshire in the last century for cutting out funeral biscuits.

Cakes were also anciently made by the native races of America in connection with religious festivals. In Peru, before the invasion of the Spaniards, as Réville mentions in his "Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion," the first of the four great official festivals in the year, which coincided with the equinoxes and solstices, fell in June at the winter solstice. At this feast a sacred beverage was offered to the sun, and partaken of by the Inca and his suite. Subsequently a black llama was sacrificed in the Temple of the Sun, new fire was kindled by means of

a concave mirror, and a number of llamas were slaughtered, the flesh of which was given to the people, to be eaten with sacred cakes prepared by the virgins of the sun.

Although Christmas is a time of religious and social rejoicing, it is also a season of great spiritual danger. In Portugal it is on June 23, the Eve of St. John, that all powers of darkness are released from the restraint that holds them more or less in bondage during the rest of the year (Crawfurd, "Round the Calendar in Portugal," 1890, 76), but according to the invincible conviction of the French peasant, the night between December 24 and 25 is a period when the entire host of uncanny creatures subject to the Prince of Evil are abroad in most malignant activity.

There is, indeed, a theory that on this night all frailty and wickedness, with all punishment for sin, are suspended in the whole creation, down to the furthest depths of hell, during "the truce of God," which reigns in the entire universe, while the epistle is being read in church. Nevertheless, it is on la nuit de Noël that the arch-enemy of mankind, brooding over the destruction of his schemes against the human race, tries every means in his power to bring temptation and ruin on true believers. It is then he scatters magic money on the paths and cross-roads where the pious, on their way to church, must catch sight of the alluring treasure; then that he sends out his emissaries, the wizards and witches, to the congenial employment of roaming round farmsteads, and lurking about the doors of the sheds in which the domestic animals are confined. For this reason at dusk on Christmas eve the doors of the stables, and sheep-pens, and, above all, of the cattle-byres, are carefully fastened, and every woman is forbidden to enter them, for fear that through her the fiend, notwithstanding all precautions, should gain access into the outhouses.

During the festival the oxen and asses on each farm have great attention paid to them, this mark of consideration being owing, no doubt, to the

memory of the ox and ass traditionally believed to have been present at the Saviour's birth. Hence, also, it is said that the *Follet*, who is a mischievous sprite with decided similarities to Shakespeare's Puck, never honors these animals with the attentions he sometimes takes it into his head to lavish on horses. Indeed, the cross on the back of the ass, popularly supposed in most parts of Europe to commemorate the entry into Jerusalem, is held to have the power of keeping the little *lutin* at a distance from any shed in which the animal may be; just as in English, German, and Scandinavian folk-lore, the presence of a goat, a creature that was once intimately connected with the worship of Thor, the enemy of all trolls and workers of evil spells, prevents wizards and witches from molesting stable and fold.

The draught-bullocks and cows of the province of Berry take part with their owner's family in the fast on Christmas eve; and, like their human associates, they are encouraged to feast to their full satisfaction on the best food obtainable after the service at church is over. This custom is still remembered if not always observed, in nearly every country of Christendom. The picturesque theory that cattle receive the gift of speech on Christmas eve, or, at least, some modified remembrance of this idea, survives in many districts of France, Germany, and England. According to Berkshire belief, when the clock strikes twelve on Christmas eve rosemary blooms, and all the oxen stand up and low (Folk-lore, v. 337), and a French legend teaches that all animals had the power of articulate language till the serpent sinned by tempting Eve; since which time it is only on the most holy of nights that the edict compelling them to dumbness is suspended, but on that night they have the use of words.

In Berry, at a certain moment during the midnight mass, every animal in the parish is supposed to kneel before its manger in silent prayer, and after this mute adoration, if there happen to be

two bullocks which are brothers in the stable together, they will begin to converse. Among the Icelanders it is at St. John's Tide, the summer solstice, dumb beasts thus address each other, and according to an old superstition in Lincolnshire, they are endowed with words not only at Christmas, but on the eve of St. Mark, an ecclesiastical holy day connected with all kinds of eerie superstitions, resembling those of Hallow E'en, which appear to occupy the place of some polytheistic spring festival, and to be the English equivalent of the German *Walpurgisnacht*.

In central France, and in many other parts of the republic, it is related that on a certain Christmastide a bullock-driver who happened to be with his beasts at the solemn moment when the power of speech came on them, overheard one demand of the other: "What shall we do to-morrow?" to which question he received answer that they should carry their master to the grave. The lad, terrified by this declaration, and warned by one of the animals to bid his employer prepare for death, hastened to acquaint him with the prediction. The farmer, however, being a man of indifferent morals and incredulous mind, scoffed at the message and, leaping up from among the boon companions, with whom he was carousing under the pretence of honoring the sacred season, seized an iron fork, and rushed out of the house with the declaration that he would pay the brute out for his prophecy. Scarcely had he reached the middle of the court lying between his dwelling and the stables, continues the tradition, than he was observed to reel and fall, and when his convives lifted him up it was a corpse they raised from the ground. Since this disastrous event, which is said to have taken place in the far off long ago, no one has been anxious to overhear the vaticinations uttered by the cattle on the night of Christmas.

A German version of the story tells the tale differently, but with an equally unhappy conclusion. The owner of a farm was foolhardy enough to hide near the stalls of his oxen to spy upon

them, with the result that he heard them conversing of his own approaching death. The shock received from their words was so complete that he brought about the fulfilment of their declaration by expiring of fright shortly afterwards, as was naturally to be anticipated, for who can expect to learn anything but evil under such circumstances?

The Voigtländer say: "If any one listens in the stable on New Year's eve he may hear the cattle talking together;" but these prophets of future events never speak of happiness, only of the misfortunes to occur in the following year.

In Neudorf, near Shärsburg, also, it is on New Year's eve at midnight the animals address each other in a language to which no one must listen, as those who overhear it are marked for speedy death.

The teaching contained in this widespread superstition is evidently that no advantage follows an attempt to acquire forbidden knowledge. The secrets of inevitable necessity are not to be surprised by stealth without retribution following. "A doomed man's ice-hole is never frozen," as the proverb of the fatalistic Northmen says, but what does it profit to meet sorrow half way? The wisdom of the Háva-mál is the wisdom of all folk-lore. "Let not a man be over wise, neither let him be more curious than he ought. Let him not seek to know his destiny if he would sleep secure and quiet."

From Good Cheer.

A FOOTSTEP FROM THE UNSEEN.

BY IAN MACLAREN,

AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH."

AS I have no explanation to offer of the following experience, and something of that kind, more or less ingenious, is expected of any one daring to tell what seems supernatural, it is only right to relate, by way of compensation, various circumstances which may have influenced my mind. Christmas fell that year on Friday, and

Wednesday night I had slept at the Lodge, as I often did in those days when the general and Kate Carnegie were living there, and the old house had still a roof and a warm hearth-stone. The colonel was a guest at the time, who had been a very desperate fighter—Clelland's Horse are still confounded with Satan on the Indian frontier—and now was a very poor preacher, affording an endless source of amusement to Drumtochty. There was also another soldier—five feet nine in height, and forty-four inches round the chest, and as genial a soul as any man could wish to meet—who had obtained the Victoria Cross for killing eleven sepoy's in a room at Lucknow, to save a woman's life. Winter was very beautiful and heartening with us, and the colonels had come to spend Christmas with their old companion in arms, as they had spent it together in strange places of the past, where they swallowed a make-believe plum pudding buckling on their sword belts. One could not see the old warriors without a fierce curiosity; and Kate came to my help that evening with cunning allusions, that ought to have been irresistible, but nothing would induce one of them to open his mouth about the things he had done or seen in those years when, with his fellows, he had guarded the borders of the empire. The colonel could not be weaned from the Beast in Revelation, on which he had got some new light that very morning, and the general was full of Jamie Soutar's last story. Drumtochty, he declared, was the place for humor, also for scenery and men. As for Victoria Cross, he could speak only of the curry, which Kate had seen to herself, and which he solemnly averred—challenging the others to deny it if they dared—was monumental in its excellence and such as no mortal could have deserved. We had our two standard toasts on great occasions, "The Queen, God bless her," and "Kate Carnegie," and well did the old fellow show, standing erect over the silver candlesticks, and against the black oak woodwork, with their close-cropped grey hair and

bronzed faces. Then Kate toasted them, standing up with her glass in her hand, for she was a gallant lass and a bonnie, as became Carnegie's daughter, and coupled each man's name with a certain battle-field, till the veterans were utterly abashed and severally besought me to understand that all this was only a girl's daffing. It struck me, however, that they were wonderfully pleased, and when V.C. opened the door for Kate he told her boldly he wished he were forty years younger, whereat Kate threatened to box his ears, but thought the better of it and kissed him instead.

"Kate kissed me first when she was a little toddle and I was a young dog of a subaltern."

"That was in Lucknow, Kinloch," said the general, "and a shell broke five minutes afterwards in the room;" and nothing more was said by any man till we went to the smoking-room.

We talked of various things, and at last we lighted upon ghosts. Of course, every man announced ostentatiously that he did not believe in such nonsense, except myself, who am a Highlander and soaked in superstition, but finally we agreed, upon a mutual understanding of infidelity, to describe any incident in our lives that ignorant people might call supernatural. Our host led off with one that left us thoughtful, and the colonel deepened the impression, but the V.C.'s story was so wonderful that none was asked from me. We kept close together going up the stair to the old wing, and when the turret door slammed, it was not the civilian that dropped his candlestick. Next morning the general was closely questioned why he had opened and shut various doors in his room, and admitted that he did not relish an ambuscade, preferring to meet his foe in the open, and I thought it only fair to confess my suspicions of a large black chest, whose lid looked as if it had begun to rise. The light was failing as I walked home to the Cottage after luncheon, through the woods on the other side of the Tochty, and all the horror of the V.C.'s story was in my

mind—a face appearing at the foot of your bed. My little house looked eerie as I came up the garden, and I started when a man opened the door in place of my housekeeper. "It's me, sir," said Jamie Soutar, "yir housekeeper askit me tae wait till ye cam in, for she's aff wi' a bottle o' wine tae Barbara Stewart. A juist happened tae gie a cry in passing," and Jamie settled himself down in my big chair by the study fire for a talk.

Now, no man's conversation I have ever known had such a smack, and ordinarily it was full of dry, biting humor, but this evening Jamie was gruesome. He would speak of nothing but the "resurrection" days, when a guard kept watch over the kirkyard by night that the bodies of the dead might not be lifted, and every man had to take his turn.

"The Drumtochty fous are no' pushin'," said Jamie, "at ony time, and their humility aboot gairdin' the kirk-yaird was by ordinar'. As sure as a'm sittin' here, they juist quarrelled hoo tae pit the honor on ane anither.

"It was the smith's father 'at keepit the key o' the dead house an' gied us oor directions. He had an awfu' tongue, an' naebody cud complain 'at he wasna faithfu' afore he left the twa men for the nicht.

"Man, a was juist a bit birkie at the time. But a hear him fine laying doon the law tae auld Hillocks an' Tammas Mitchell's faither, an' a can see them shiverin' in their claithes.

"Ye'll be fine an' comfortable in here, but ye mauna drone nor sleep. There's the lid of a coffin for a seat in the corner; dinna shut the door or ye'll no hear the clink o' the spades, an' ye'll need tae gae yir roonds aince in the oor.

"Here's twa sticks, in case ye catch them at a grave, an' a gun wi' a chairge o' sma' scattering shot for emergencies. Dinna be feered ta shoot gin they wull na listen tae reason. Half-a-dizzin' pellets in their legs 'ill be a lesson; but for ony sake dinna be wystin' yir poother on ghaists, an' sic like. It's no chancy, an' it costs money.

"Gin ye see onything white when

ye're dawnderin' roond, dinna be hysty: it might be a sheep or a lamb—slip up quiet an' tak' a conjunct view. It's no likely the'll be mair nor ye can maister between ye, but gin ye be hard pit tae't, gie a cry an' I'll maybe hear ye doon bye, an' come up. Weel, that's a', an' a'll be gaein' hame. Ye're lookin' rael couthly in there in this dark blawy nicht."

"A watched him gae doon the road, an' a declare the smith was shaking wi' the sicht of auld Hillocks sittin' in the back end o' the deid hoose, no able tae say ae word, wi' a stick on either side o' him an' a gun in his hand.

"Sall, they were clever lads though, thae lifters," continued Jamie—who was now in great fettle—"gin they didna raise a wumman frae the heich glen 'at had been buried the day afore. There were twa men in the hoose an' they kent naethin' aboot it.

"She might never hae been missed, but a Pitscorue man 'at was sittin' up wi' an unweal horse, saw a gig come doon frae Drumtochty in the grey o' the mornin'. There wes twa men in it an' a wumman 'between them wi' a veil on her face; he didna like the wy she was sittin', an' he cam up in the afternoon.

"Is that Jess back?" and Jamie listened. "A thocht a heard a step in the kitchen." But it ceased, and we concluded that it had been our mistake.

"Speakin' aboot lifters," but I had not spoken of any such thing, and was anxious to abandon the subject, "a'll tell ye a story 'at's never passed ma lips afore, an' is kent tae nae livin' man." Jamie listened again, and then drew his chair closer to the fire.

"Div ye mind an auld man 'at livit at the end o' the clachan an deid in the big storm, where they had tae dig oot the Pairish Kirk ae Sabbath, wha never lookit ye in the face, an' said naething but grumph gin ye spoke tae him?

"Weel ae nicht, aboot the gloamin', Robert comes in an' sits doon by ma fireside as a'm daein' noo, but never a word did a get frae him for maybe half-an-oor, exceptin':—

"Hoo's a' wi' ye the nicht, Jamie?"

"He was aifter something a saw fine, for he lookit at me aince an' he shapit his mooth for speakin' twice, but naethin' cam, so a hirstled ma chair an' the scrapin' on the floor set him aff."

"Ye're a body, Jamie?" he said.

"Ay, ay, a wadna say but a wis."

"Ye can haud yir tongue at a time?"

"A've seen me manage," an' then he lookit at me again.

"Ye'll be easier when it's aff yir mind, Robert," but little a thocht what was comin'. Sall, there's times when a'm sittin' by masel' in the hoose a wush he had keepit it tae himsel'. What's yon?" But it was only a loose spray of ivy swishing on the window. You might have thought it was a knock.

"Div ye mind a gemkeeper, Jamie, an' he drew his chair nearer mine, 'at deid ae hairst time five-an'-forty year ago?"

"Fine, Robert, a buirdly man, an' he slippit aff sae sudden that the fous were feared o' the cholera, an' he was beeried the same day. The doctor gled his first prayer that day, an' tho' it was only a beginnin' it promised weel."

"An' did ye ever see a young student," Robert speirs next, 'auld Gormack's sister's son, 'at cam tae Drumtochty aff an' on in the summer, a weel-built callant wi' a cast in ane o' his een?"

"Weel, him an' me got chief ower the fishin' an' ither trokes, an' aifter the beerial he cam roond an' we gled up tae the burn. A jaloused he was aifter something, for he wadna fish but aye lookit at me."

"Juist the same as ye lookit at me, Robert," says I; but he didna hear.

"It's a peety we dinna ken what the gemkeeper deid o'," says he tae me, 'it wud be a satisfaction tae his freends tae pit a name on't. A cud tell in half-an-oor, Robert, gin a hed him up, but it 'ill need twa o's, for he's a heavy man."

"Jamie, a got sic a turn 'at a near fell intae the Kelpie's hole, an' a telt him 'at a wud hae naethin' tae dae wi' his lifting tricks, but he got roond me

in the end an'—a promised tae meet him at the kirkyaird that nicht.

"There wes a wee licht frae a half mune, an' the grave wes fresh hoppit. We werena lang o' haein' the coffin oot, but, Jamie," he said, 'a did nae mair, a turned ma back when he began on the screws.

"The student gled a screich, an' Jamie, as sure's deith," here Robert grippit ma airm like a vice, 'the gem-keeper was sittin' up in his grave clothes an' lookin' 'at's wi' his eyes wide open.

"Lord's sake, man," a said tae Robert, 'what garred him flee the country then like a thief, an' div ye ken what cam ower him? It hed been a swoon, a'm jidgin'."

"Jamie," says Robert, 'he's lyin' there yet, but a didna touch him, an' it was juist fricht on the student's pairt—the spade was lyin' tae his hand.'

"Div ye mean to say he—

"Ay, Jamie, he did, an' a helpit tae bury the body again, an' little time was lost—he's deid that student noo, far from here, an' Jamie, a cudna keep it langer. 'Ave heard a step in ma hoose ilk-a nicht for a month, an' a ken ma time's no far off."

"But Jess is back noo," Jamie said, rising, "an' a'll juist be traivellin'. Gin ye'll excuse me a'll gang oot by the front door an' tak the near road thro' the garden."

For once in my life I had sufficient of Jamie, and yet a curious loneliness came over me as his shambling figure disappeared among the bushes, covered with snow, and I turned to re-enter the house. It was a comfort, however, to know that some one was beneath the same roof, and I was tempted to go to the kitchen and make some excuse for a talk with Jess. But she would be certain to bring a lamp—she was moving about as if getting it ready—and so I turned into my study and sat down by the fire. At this point it is necessary to be tiresome and to describe the plan of the Cottage. It stood on a height above the Tochty, in a solitary place, with pine woods behind and on the two sides, and a marvellous view of the

setting sun from the front windows. On one side of the front door was the room I used as a study, and on the other the dining-room, where I once entertained potentates, but I can't go into that just now. A little lobby terminated in a door which shut off a back wing containing the kitchen, and, beyond it, a scullery as well as a dreary compartment intended for a servants' bedroom. The stairs started at the study door, and on the upper floor were four bedrooms; the largest over the study was kept for guests; my house-keeper used one of the small ones above the dining-room, and my own room and dressing-room were above the kitchen and scullery. The house had lain empty for some years before I came in search of quietness to Drumtochty, and who the former tenants were was a mystery.

"Man an' wife," Jamie once explained, "sae far as we kent, but what he did, or what for they cam' here nabody cud tell. Bell Baxter's mother gaid in the mornin' and did their wark for them and left in the forenoon. His wife died sudden, and he took her awa' to England and never cam' back. A'm thinkin' they didna gree ower well."

Jamie's weird story, true or untrue, coming on the back of the conversation at the lodge had affected my nerves, and I was conscious of a distinct wish that Jess would come with rural gossip and the lamp. What was she about now? She knew I was in darkness, and there had been time to trim twenty lamps. So I rang the bell vigorously with a suggestion of impatience, but with a curious misgiving. Was Jess really in the house, or had we imagined her movements? No opening door in the lobby, no sound in the kitchen. It shows how one is deceived by fancies, but just to make sure:—

"Jess" from the study door, "Jess, are you there?" No answer.

Had often done the same thing before —bad habit of shouting orders instead of ringing—but never noticed how unpleasant is the sound of a voice in an empty house; quite gruesome. Might go into kitchen and make certain she had not come back, but it would be

absurd, for I could be heard in the stable. Besides, what good was there in a man rambling through the house? Very likely the lamp was lying ready, and I went to the lobby door and hesitated. Why? Liked to sit in the dark? No, not that evening. Did not want to work? It happened that an article was overdue and the editor had allowed himself to write evil words. An unaccountable dislike to go into the kitchen seized me, and I went back to the big chair by the study fire. The black and tan, who had been very restless all evening, jumped upon my knee and licked my hand as if grateful for protection, although not a dog usually carried by sentiment. The house was perfectly still and the fire was soothing and I fell asleep.

I could not have slept more than a few minutes when I was awakened by a terrific crash evidently in the kitchen. The noise was unmistakable, the fall of tin dishes on the floor, and I at once jumped to a conclusion. For some months a number of suspicious characters had been taking refuge in the district under pretence of working in our quarry, and we had been warned to be careful. For the first time in the history of the Glen doors were locked and windows bolted. Dr. Davidson was actually stopped on the road after dark and asked for the time, in a menacing tone, by a stranger who was, however, so awed by the minister's manner that he disappeared into a field, and Mrs. Macfadyen, a woman not given to hysteria, came into Hillocks' breathless, one Friday evening, because footsteps had dogged her through the pine woods. We were, in short, prepared for a burglary that would raise us to the privileges of town life, and, in the supposed absence of its inmates, the Cottage had been plainly selected for a first experiment. Burglars are understood to be unpleasant persons, ours were said to be also murderous, and, without being afraid, one may have a becoming modesty about his skill in single combat, but I was conscious of a distinct sense of relief. One had at least escaped from an atmosphere of horror and now

was merely the question of a scrimmage. Ought I to lie quiet till the intruders came along the lobby, and then meet them with polite words at the study door? "This is quite an unexpected pleasure. Will you come into the study, take care of the table," that kind of thing? Or had I better dash down the passage noisily, and pull open the door amid a fit of coughing to find that the visitors had naturally departed through the kitchen window? The latter course commended itself to me, mainly on charitable grounds. No one wishes to put his fellow man to shame nor leave him without a way of escape; it is in such circumstances that misguided men grow hard, and do things they (as well as other people) must regret. No, the poor fellows, however unfortunate may have been their intentions, will have a timely warning. I suggested to Jerry that he might begin by expressing himself, but he would not move from the chair in which he was now crouching, and yet a more offensive dog for his size, or apart from it, competent judges had never seen. Much, however, can be done in passing a hat-stand if you happen to collide with it, and the upsetting of a bundle of sticks is fairly audible. Fumbling with the lock of the kitchen door gave one chance more, and when I burst in with a mighty show of bravery it was not surprising to find the kitchen empty. But where had they gone? The window was closed and bolted, the back door was locked, and through the scullery door I could see no one was concealed among the pans. Perhaps they had taken refuge—no, the little room was as dreary as usual. What about the crash? The covers hung in a row, polished and bright, and a meat-jack stood with unimpeachable respectability in a corner. There was nothing to account for that clatter of falling dishes—or for the footsteps before. How sudden and irresistible is a panic and—accelerating! Would it be three seconds between the fireplace of the kitchen and the fireplace of the study, including stumbling over the sticks and knocking the study door? There could

be no person in that kitchen, for the firelight showed every corner—but one felt as if he were in danger—in fact going to be crushed—what nonsense! First time I ever saw the perspiration fall from my forehead, and my hand is shaking. How ghostly is the light from the snow; darkness would be better. Why did I not bring the lamp with me? I would not go for it now though one gave me—disgraceful cowardice! I'll draw the curtains at any rate—if I didn't think that was a face looking in—this is most humiliating. Now that's better—and more coals—lie down Jerry, and don't whine. No, I did not fall asleep again, and I was not dreaming. From first to last I remember every movement.

It began in the kitchen as of one pacing noiselessly back and forwards. Then it opened the intermediate door and came to the foot of the stairs. For a minute there was perfect silence, and then Jerry lifted his nose and howled. The step went up-stairs, and went to the housekeeper's room. After a few minutes it came along the landing dragging something, and I heard it over my head in the big guest room.

Whatever was being done—it's the bed being pulled across the floor—that's bed clothes falling on the floor—a cupboard is opened—the blinds are pulled down—not crying, only a soft, pleading wail—could one get through the window and bolt for Milton? Too late, the step comes down again—if I had the spirit of a man I would fling the door open and solve the mystery. Nothing; but I saw the lobby door close of its own accord, or—not another sound till the back door was unlocked and the kitchen fire vigorously poked.

"Yes, Jess, I was wearying for the lamp; but the roads are heavy, and it must be four miles to Barbara's; on the writing-table, please, I wish to make some notes.

"No, I know it was not likely you would come in and go out without lighting the lamp. It was Jerry perhaps rambling about. He's been restless all evening; you have heard noises too—I dare say. Those old

houses do creak, and I fancy I've noticed the sound myself. That's how silly people come to believe in ghosts."

Then Jess went her evening round from room to room, but when she visited that room I heard an exclamation, and went up-stairs quickly.

The bed was stripped of blankets, which lay in a heap near the door. The mattress was covered with a sheet, and another sheet was spread over the whole bed from its foot to the top of a pillow which had replaced the bolster. The ends of this upper sheet hung over the sides of the bed. There was a distinct indentation on the pillow and a fainter one down the middle of the bed as if—

Jess was a matter-of-fact woman and not easily disturbed, but the suggestion was enough to shake any one, and I took my resolution swiftly. Ghosts were bad enough, but this might be only a solitary visitation, and I could not afford to lose such a housekeeper.

"You may well be horrified, but I heard you say once no man could make up a bed. Yes, I tried my hand to pass the time before it grew dark—got sheets out of the cupboard you see—but it wouldn't do—sorry for the mess I've made."

But it was not I that laid out that bed for the dead. Nor have I any doubt a footstep from the unseen paced the Cottage that evening.

From Knowledge.
ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA AND THE
GREAT AIR-WAVE.

For two hundred years the igneous forces beneath Krakatoa remained dormant. In September, 1880, premonitory shocks of earthquake were felt in the neighborhood. At length the inhabitants of Batavia and Buitenzorg were startled on May 20, 1883, by booming sounds which came from Krakatoa, one hundred miles distant. A mail steamer passing through the Sunda Strait had her compass violently agitated. Next day a sprinkling of ashes was noticed at some places on each side of the strait, but

towards evening a steam-column rising from Krakatoa revealed the locality of disturbance.

On June 19 it was noticed at Anjer that the height of the dust and vapor-column, and likewise the explosions, were again increasing. On the 24th a second column was seen rising. At length, Captain Ferzenaar, chief of the Topographical Survey of Bantam, visited Krakatoa Island on August 11. He found its forests destroyed, and a mantle of dust near its shores was twenty inches thick. Three large vapor-columns were noted, one marking the position of the crater of Perboewatan while the other two were in the centre of the island, and, of the latter, one was probably Danan. There were also no fewer than eleven other eruptive foci, from which issued smaller steam-columns and dust. This was the last report prior to the great paroxysm. The full terrors of the eruption were now approaching. The distance of ninety-six miles from Krakatoa was not sufficient to permit sleep to the inhabitants of Batavia. "All night [August 26] volcanic thunders sounded like the discharges of artillery at their very doors." Next morning there were four mighty explosions, i.e., at 5.30, 6.44, 10.2, and 10.52 (Krakatoa time). The third, i.e., at 10.2, was of appalling violence, and it gave rise to the most far-reaching effects. The entire series of grand phenomena at that spot extended over a little more than thirty-six hours.

On the telephone line from Ishore, which included a sub-marine cable about a mile long, reports like pistol shots were heard. At Singapore, five hundred miles from Krakatoa, it was noted at the Oriental Telephone Company's station that, on putting the receiver to the ear, a roar like that of a waterfall was heard. So great was the mass of vapor and dust in the air that profound darkness, which lasted many hours, extended even to one hundred and fifty miles from the focus of eruption. There is the record, among others, that it was "pitch dark" at Anjer at 2 P.M. on the 26th. So great, too, was the ejective force that, acc

ing to Dr. Verbeek's estimate, the fine volcanic dust was blown up to a height of fifty thousand feet, or over nine miles, into space. Another estimate gives, as before stated, the enormous altitude of seventeen miles to which the dust had been blown. The volcanic ash, which fell upon the neighboring islands within a circle of nine and a half miles radius, was from sixty-five to one hundred and thirty feet thick. At the back of the island the thickness of the ash-beds is from one hundred and ninety-five to two hundred and sixty feet. Masses of floating pumice cumbered the strait. The coarser particles of this ash fell over a known area equal to two hundred and eighty-five thousand one hundred and seventy square miles—a space equal to the whole of the German Empire, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Iceland. It has been calculated that the matter so ejected must have been considerably over a *cubic mile in volume*. Another distinguishing feature of this display of nature's powers was the magnitude and range of the explosive sounds.

And yet, great as was the range of such vibrations, they could not be compared with that of the air-wave caused by the mighty outburst. This atmospheric wave started from Krakatoa at two minutes past ten on that eventful Monday morning, moving onward in an ever-widening circle, like that produced when a stone is thrown into smooth water. This ring-like wave travelled on at the rate of from six hundred and seventy-four to seven hundred and twenty-six miles an hour, and went round the world four, if not even seven, times, as evidenced by the following facts. Batavia is nearly a hundred miles from the eruptive focus under review. There was connected with its gasholder the usual pressure recorder. About thirteen minutes after the great outburst, this gauge showed a barometric disturbance—equal to about four-tenths of an inch of mercury—*i.e.*, an extra air-pressure of about a fifth of a pound on every square inch. The effects on the air of minor paroxysmal

breaks are also recorded by this instrument; but barometers in the most

distant places record the same disturbance. "The great wave passed and repassed again over London, and no inhabitant was conscious of the fact." The barometer at Greenwich Observatory automatically recorded this effect; moreover, the instruments at Kew confirm those at Greenwich. Evidence of the same kind was also obtained from Valentia (Ireland), Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Palermo, Rome, New York, Toronto, Mauritius, Tokio, Bombay, Melbourne, and many other places. "All the instruments record the first great wave from Krakatoa to its antipodes in Central America, and also the return wave." The first four oscillations left their mark on upwards of forty barograms, the fifth and sixth on several, and at Kew the existence of a seventh was certainly established.

At the same time that this immense aerial undulation started on a tour round the world, another wave, but of awful destructiveness—*i.e.*, a seismic sea wave—started on a similar journey. There can hardly be a doubt that this so-called "tidal wave" was synchronous with the greatest of the explosions. A wave from fifty to seventy-two feet high arose, and swept with resistless fury upon the shores each side of the straits. The destruction to life and property will probably never be fully known. At least thirty-six thousand three hundred and eighty lives were lost, and a great part of the district of North Bantam was destroyed, and the towns of Anjer, Merak, Tyringin, and neighboring villages were overwhelmed. Large masses of the island were probably blown away by the force of the explosion, the falling into the sea propagated the wave, or possibly the sudden displacement of water over a submarine vent gave rise to such an undulation. It is stated on high authority that the missing mass of Krakatoa equals two hundred thousand million cubic feet, and that a fiftieth part of this mass dropped suddenly into the sea would create displacement sufficient to make a circle-wave nearly one hundred miles in circumference, twenty feet high, and three hundred and fifty feet wide.

